

MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 6 60p

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Scotland's sexiest supporter

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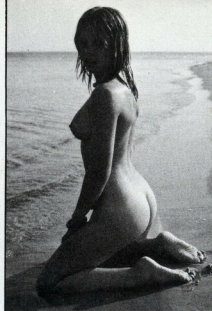
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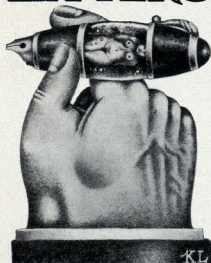
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LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Everyone knows that the women's armed services have their names abbreviated and pronounced phonetically, hence we have the Wrens (WRNs), Wracs (WRAC) and Wafs (WRAF).

It was only the timely intervention by some of the younger members of the Admiralty that saved the navy and its female service from a lot of embarrassment.

When it was finally agreed upon to form a female naval service an Admiralty board met to decide upon a name. The Wrens can consider themselves lucky that the original title of Women's Auxiliary Naval Corps was not adopted. J L Richards, London N10

The recent Mayfair exposé On what the nurses may display When cures they aim to expedite Will fill the patients with delight.

When chaps are forced to lie inert They need a nurse with whom to flirt And if a fella's off his food That well-proportioned

pulchritude Nurse Nancy Edwards sweetly shows In pants and neat suspended hose

Provides a therapeutic treat That makes the patient yearn to eat...

A man must be extremely ill
If he accepts without a thrill
The curt command to toe the line
From nurse with face and form divine.
It's also good for guys to gape
At Nancy's thought-provoking shape
To rest their eyes on awed surmise
On soft, seductive sun-tanned thighs
'Twixt stocking-tops and snowy knicks

As illustrated in your pics.
When Nancy leans across a bed
A lad would gladly lose his head
In regions welcoming and warm
Beneath that spotless uniform.
A mouth might tentatively pause
Upon that lucky lace-trimmed gauze
Which snugly clings, without obscuring
The view of things we find alluring.

Exploring lips on pleasure trips
O'er zips and taut suspender clips
May serve to please this teasing master
When she removes our sticking-plaster,
And we'd advise it's wise to wheedle
The peach with power to plunge the needle...
'Nestor', Plymouth, Devon

Your 'Scene' column in Vol 13 No 3 requesting examples of graffiti recalled to mind a few examples of the art which caused me to smile over the years.

One such at the RAMC barracks at Crookham in the days of National Service, differed from the majority of scribbles in being written up the wall from lower to upper, instead of horizontally. Situated on the wall of a toilet it informed

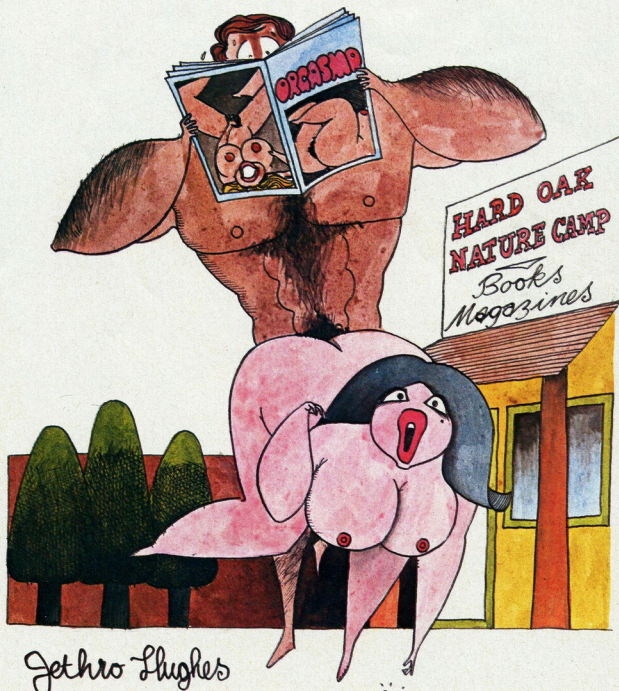
the readers: You are now crapping at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Some years ago when youth hostelling in North Wales, the nearest pub to our base was the Miner's Arms. On the slate wall of the urinal, at about eye level was the question: Do you know you are on Candid Camera?

Once I had need to visit the toilet while shopping in Lewis's store in Liverpool. The door of the cubicle was not full-length, being six inches or so short of the ground. On the wall was pencilled the warning: Beware homosexual limbo dancers.

Lastly, I recall seeing an example of natural, as opposed to created graffiti, appearing on a newspaper billboard in Liverpool, where the lower half of the more recent poster had been ripped away by the

turn to page 13



Jethro Hughes

'See a pin and pick it up, and all day you'll have good lu...!'

LETTERS

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wind and rain, to reveal the lower half of the previous days' poster (which happened to be the weekend football news) beneath. Put together, the two halves contained the strange and unlikely story: *The Pope Dies - With a Kick!*

Peter Underhill, Birmingham 24

Contributor, Michael Bland, justifiably condemned the literary poverty of football-following graffiti artists in 'Slugging the Slogan' Vol 13 No 3. However, in partial defence of this gathering clan of witless paint-sprayers may I offer the following: A poster outside a Liverpool church carried the slogan 'What will Liverpool do when the Lord comes?' Underneath a rare football was had added: *Move St John to inside right.*

D J Wood, Romford, Essex

Your excellent feature 'Slugging the Slogan' (Vol 13 No 3) prompts me to put ballpoint to paper and recall the poster: *Bovril is Made From Bullocks (anyone caught defacing this*

poster will be fined). And the sign recently seen in the lavatory at a restaurant in Bonn: 'Please refrain from throwing cigar and cigarette ends in the urinals.' To which was added: *And please don't piss in the ashtrays.*

Donald C Kerrall, Bonn, West Germany

I enjoyed the article on graffiti (Vol 13 No 3) very much. My favourite being one piece I saw scrawled on the pavement outside a school. It read: *Linda nics chalk.*

M T H, Worthing, Sussex

I have been a regular subscriber to *Mayfair* for more than a decade. I usually enjoy identifying your cover girl with one of the beauties inside.

In the case of Vol 13 No 3, however, I searched in vain for the owner of those magnificent mammaries (I can't ever recall having seen nipples standing at such a proud height on boobs of such calibre).

I thought that with such assets it would only be a matter of waiting until the next issue but Vol 13 No 4 arrived and, alas, I am still searching. Jennifer Eccles was certainly



a joy to behold, but even she can't measure up to the unnamed beauty on the cover.

I hope you can reassure me that my patience will, in the end, be rewarded.

A S, Chichester

We are in the process of trying to persuade the young lady in question to oblige with a fully nude set. Until then Mr S...

The pictures of beautiful girls published in your magazine are in themselves a praise to the wonderful work of nature. On the contrary the tanks

shown in Vol 13 No 2 are built to destroy that work, to kill children, women and men. What I find most disturbing is that your feature on the Scorpion tank offered no political, no technical, no moral insight. So what was the point? *Jean Francois Pierre, Bourg la Reine*

We have found, M. Pierre, in ten years of Mayfair that men get enjoyment and a sense of beauty from things mechanical as well as bodies beautiful. A tiger kills and savages but that does not detract from its beauty.

I have been intrigued at the fickle ways of women. Better men than myself have tried to fathom them out for thousands of years, but I hope my experience will be of interest to other readers.

Once, I had been to visit my old school and whilst walking to the station I found myself taking the same short cut as three girls of about the same age as myself. They started talking to me, saying things like 'Doesn't he talk posh?' and by the time we reached the

turn to page 120

How I got the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra into my mini.

It's no trick.

They were giving a superb performance of Beethoven's 5th at the time.

National Panasonic's CQ7300 stereo cassette radio had a lot to do with it.

Incorporating many of the advances they made into Hi-Fi, the CQ7300 is streamlined, compact and reliable.

The stereo cassette player has an automatic and manual reverse feature. Which means it plays the reverse side of the cassette tape as soon as the first side is finished - it's the ultimate in listening convenience.

It also has an auto stereo/mono

change circuit, a 'fast-forward rewind' and lock-in facility and a tape ejector.

The built in EIA circuit reduces interference so I was able to enjoy uninterrupted listening pleasure even during the quiet passages.

With the CQ7300 my car felt like the Festival Hall on wheels.



Just slightly ahead of our time.

National Panasonic

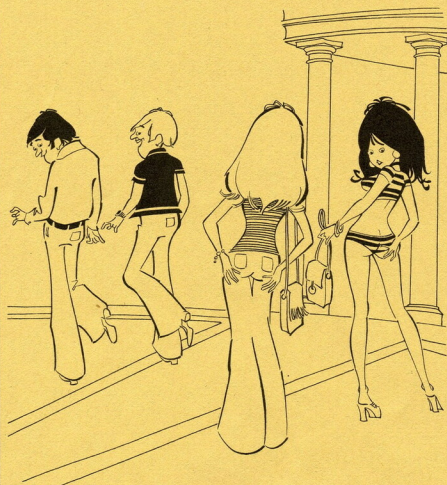
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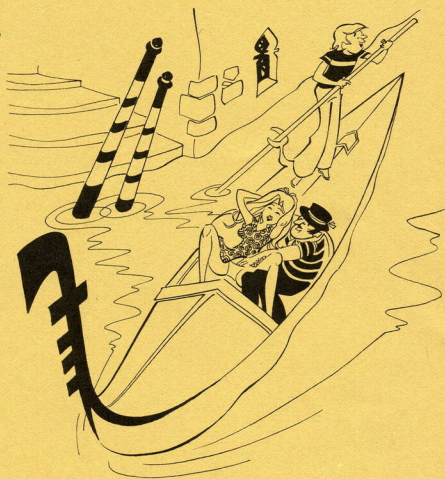
'Gently! Gently! You'll have the rest of it down in a minute.'

FOREIGN PARTS

With the holiday season upon us, cartoonist Paul White presents some interesting spots that most men would go out of their way to visit



'I couldn't agree more. When in Rome ...'



'See Suzy - any fool can do it with a little practice.'



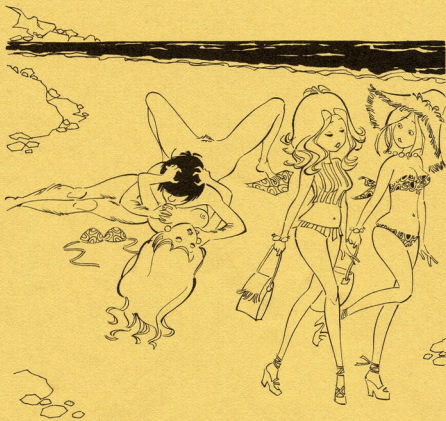
'He didn't waste much time getting it up.'



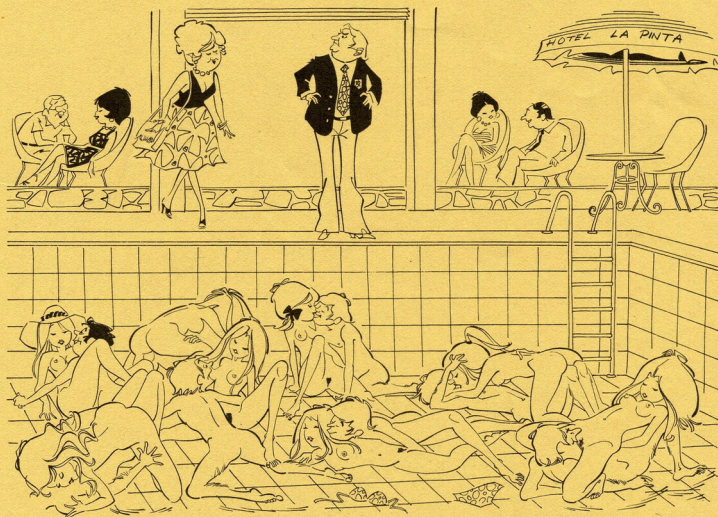
'Come on, Cyn, there must be something in there like "take your dirty hands off me".'



'For goodness sake! Edelweiss!'



'I see Carol has managed to overcome the language barrier.'



'Calm down, Arthur. What's so wrong with the kids enjoying the pool at night?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Have you ever wondered what was happening as the Last Post was sounded – for ever – across the British Empire? Perhaps, like many another National Service squaddie, you were there, when the Empire on which the sun never set hauled down the flag at last.

And as that symbolic, phallic detumescence took place, perhaps you, like the hero of Brian Aldiss' new novel, were subsiding, too. Down the pole the flag tumbled. And down tumbled the pole.

But, as the old military song used to have it about the Grand Old Duke of York: When they were up, they were up.

Horatio Stubbs was mostly up Chinese girls in *Rude Awakening* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.50). On final garrison duty in the too Far East, half-heartedly keeping down the final native uprising before the colonial power was due to move out altogether, Stubbsie was wholeheartedly keeping up his own risen native. Needless to say, he was also in the altogether.

So, one gathars, was his Chinese bint – the one who wanted to marry him so much, he practically wanted to marry her.

When he gave her a nudge, to show her how hard his prick had become, she giggled, and asked him: 'What do you think I can do with this big terrible thing you have?' Stubbsie was no fool. He showed her. 'I am too small girl for that monster thing. First I drink my tea, then maybe we try.'

Was tiffin at the vicarage ever like that, I wondered, as I read on. Young master Stubbs, who had been to school in England and whose father was a bank manager, now shows himself full of wise and logical answers and solutions: 'You may be only a little girl but you have a lovely big slippery hole, all juicy and soft inside, like a tropical fruit.'

Well, you never know where a conversation will lead, do you? Before long Stubbs and Margey, his Chinese girl, get to talking about how eastern girls pleasure themselves when

their menfolk are not around. It was what Stubbs and she had come to think of as the gherkin routine (for that was what, said she, the ladies from Shantung Province got down to before Chairman Mao and his little red book pre-occupied them quite). Margey would grab his fingers, pretend that they were gherkins and show him just what it was that Chinese girls did with them.

'Before it became too much for me and I flung myself upon her,' narrates Aldiss' hero, 'she was off in the series of delighted writhes and squeaks which marked her orgasm. To plunge into that sumptuous hole while it was in the throes was my pleasure. Margey squealed and locked her legs round the top of my thighs, under my buttocks. Our bodies became one plunging machine which worked without our volition powered by sweat and magic.' Afterwards, our man lies with his head on her soft round belly, savouring the aroma of that little bivalve between her thighs and thinks of it with deep philosophy, as the tang of the primordial ocean in which first life was born, where sentient things gave their earliest twitch. Other times, of course, the twitch was somewhat different. She'd gently chafe her fanny against his thighs to stimulate her juices, then slip his cock

and her thumb up inside herself, where she set about chafing the end of his knob too – as if to sharpen it to a fine point. When, to hold his upward thrust from below (she's on top now) and her downward thrust from above together, he worked his hands down between her buttocks and nailed her in place with a finger, the voltage between them increased to far more than even a twitch. 'Illegal! Illegal!' the girl cried, and they both went over the top.

Margey is by no means the only bit of old Cathay that Horatio Stubbs rides. There's a fantastic whose called Katie of whom Margey is ferociously jealous. It takes two beddings, but only one reading to see why. She haggles like this: strips naked so no man could resist her breasts, her buttocks, her crotch, her thighs. Then as the eager chump goes to embrace, she puts one hand over her twot and holds out the other – part 'keep off' sign, part 'cough up'. As Stubbsie puts it: 'I didn't care to enquire how much she wanted; a pulsating penis asks no questions.'

Instead he hands over all his cash, two watches (in case he hesitated, she let a wisp of pubic hair curl round her guardian thumb), and all his cigarettes.

Then did Katie remove her

hand from her twot and press it to the young man's mouth, and stood brazenly, no pretence at modesty, legs apart, a real come-on. Nuzzling her nipples with his tongue, making her left breast positively vibrate, Horrie carried her over to the table and as she curved backwards, slid himself in.

'It tunnelled its way forward into territories hitherto unknown to man or beast. She wriggled to help it along, and with every wriggle it seemed to navigate along another succulent pair of lips. Finally it had plumbed as far as it would go – yet she knocked her little mons against me, sucking at the ultimate millimetre of rude joy. 'My body started working of its own accord, arse plunging forward and back. Her gorgeous juices spread from my root through our tangled hairs, round to the rear, up my belly. Mad excitement, snorts of pleasure. Her teeth biting into my shoulder, her ear in my mouth. We came in a clattering of hip bones and sob's.'

So there you have it. Did I say something about the Last Post? It seems that Horatio Stubbs' well-used prick was more like the Empire's last randy outpost. Now for the sixty-four thousand dollar question: What makes a woman good in bed? Journalist Wendy Leigh has been putting that same poser to celebrities on both sides of the Atlantic and the answers are contained in *Speaking Frankly – What Makes A Woman Good In Bed* (Frederick Muller, £4.95). It's hardly surprising to discover that opinions vary wildly. Oliver Reed for example opines that 'A woman is good in bed if she accepts the fact that she is going to be fucked', while according to James Hunt, 'a woman is better if she asks for what she wants in bed'. Despite the book's rather eccentric layout which has David Niven and George Segal in the 'Sporting Life' section, Susan George in the 'Music World' section and, bizarrely, John Wayne in the 'Swinging Sixties', careful perusal is rewarded by the unearthing of the occasional gem. Elliott Gould, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Roger Moore all provide witty, lucid answers, but for sheer brevity, you'd have to go a long way to beat Robert Mitchum. 'What makes a woman good in bed? Proximity.' And so say all of us.



Bruce Pennington's illustration for 'The Green Brain' (by Frank Herbert), reproduced in *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*, edited by Brian Ash, published by Pan, £5.50. 'Encyclopedia' details the world of SF through pictorials, from cults to fandom, and includes commentaries by some of the greatest SF authors.

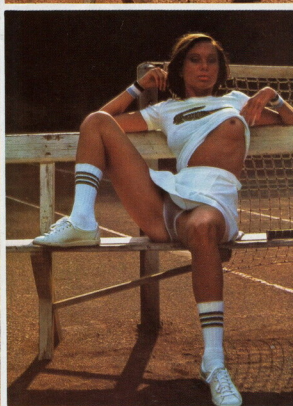
Anyone for Tricia?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CHRISTER FLODQVIST



Where do *Mayfair* photographers go when the last arc light has been dimmed and the last roll of film exposed? Some head for the nearest bar; others for the nearest bird; some go for the great outdoors; some prefer it indoors. Christer Flodqvist, renowned everywhere for his flashing forehand, is a tennis freak, though he strenuously denies his love

of the game is in any way influenced by the sight of nubile young curves clad in short, skimpy dresses and tight white panties. 'What girls?' he asks innocently. Well, girls like 23-year-old Tricia Wilson for starters. Does she get ogled on court? Do men queue for a service? 'Yes,' she affirms, 'and that's not the half of it either.'



Can it be that tennis players have other games in mind? 'Well,' says Tricia, 'I often get the impression that I'm being mentally undressed. First my tee-shirt goes, then my skirt and panties until all I've got on are my socks and plimsolls. It's pure fantasy of course. I mean whoever heard of a girl stripping off starters on a tennis court?' Who indeed! It isn't cricket.







'No,' corrects Tricia, 'it's tennis. I mean what would the All England Club have to say if they were confronted by a nude on the Centre Court?' If the figure in question was anything like Tricia's 35-22-34, it might enliven matters when rain stopped play. 'How sweet,' she smiles, 'I'm almost tempted. It's about the only way I'd ever

get to appear on court at Wimbledon. Do you think they'd class it as bare-faced cheek? It's an exciting thought though, but it's just as well no-one is watching all this, they might get the wrong idea. By the way, what's Christer doing with that camera of his? You haven't...' 'We have,' we admit. 'Ooh,' she grins, 'you are wicked - but fun too.'



Destroying Angel

continued from page 18

if she chose to respond. And with the colonel she found she wished to respond because, being a practical person, she did not believe in wasting an opportunity which might never come her way again.

Her mother and father were dead; she lived in an isolated country district; she had no close friends in the nearest village. Something in her nature told her she could never be like other young women of her age who, it seemed to her, flaunted themselves in front of every available man who came their way. She'd read about how it happened; seen it for herself when paying one of her infrequent visits to the town. Even if the opportunities were present for doing so, Amanda knew she could never behave in this way, not without having known the man for long enough to be able to judge and assess his dependability, his character. This was why she had no qualms about responding to Colonel Davenport. He was, after all, a gentleman; a wealthy gentleman; and, she reasoned, they had been acquainted for over seven years. The next time he kissed her again, in the kitchen while she was preparing the vegetables for lunch, she returned the kiss, momentarily surprising him so that he smiled at her with his clear, penetrating eyes. And before she was fully aware of what was happening the potatoes were left behind her, partly-peeled, the peas unshelled, and she was being led gently by the arm up the wide staircase, along the landing and into the colonel's bedroom.

There, Colonel Davenport undressed her, so swiftly, so tenderly, all the while kissing her and stroking her body, that when she was laid gently across the bed in front of the window with its view across the gardens towards the distant wood, she was amazed to discover she was completely and utterly naked. What surprised her even more was the feeling of pleasure she gained from her abandoned posture, legs and arms asprawl, and the thrill of seeing the colonel remove his clothes and stand over her, dominating, even threatening, then lower his hands to cup them around her breasts. He lay alongside her and ran the palms of his hands over her nipples, backwards and forwards, from side to side, slowly, gently, until she felt them hardening. Looking down along her body she saw them peaked against his slender fingers and with this sight there came a release of her own spontaneity and she grasped at the colonel with her own hands, shuddering a little as he felt his size; growing bolder, stroking and pulling, possessed now by a single thought; to have him inside her body to be pinioned in an act of total submission.

She heard herself moaning aloud, felt her hips rising and falling, back arching, responding instinctively as the colonel knelt between her open legs, thrusting forward to enter her. For several seconds there was an intense feeling of excruciating pain, then torrents of pleasure swept this away. She heard the colonel call out and opened her eyes. But the room was spinning, the ceiling, his face, her own body joined to his,

the open window, blue sky beyond; a whirling mass of shapes and colours driving into her brain amid a long, luxurious sensation of falling endlessly amid the sound of the muffled cries rising from her own choking throat.

When the feelings had died away she cradled the colonel in her arms, as if she had always done such a thing, and he lay dozing with his head on her breasts. She felt no shame, had no feelings of remorse. Indeed, even as she realised that the clock showed it was now well past the usual lunchtime, her only thought was to repeat the experience – and go on repeating it whenever the opportunity arose. Amanda Grimshaw had been transformed. And with the delicious feeling of having been awakened from a deep sleep she relished the transformation, seeing in it the prospects for a more eventful life.

For almost five years their relationship continued in a thoroughly easy-going fashion. She wanted to tell someone about it, but knew no one sufficiently well enough to tell. He kept it a secret, keeping his distance whenever guests were in the house; the courteous and undemanding employer and the willing, faithful servant. Sometimes they would walk together in the grounds, silently observing the pheasants preening themselves amid the bracken at the edge of the wood, laughing at the deer leaping and scampering among the trees.

Once, on a hot summer day, they made love in a copse to the droning of bees and the soft murmuring of wood pigeons high in the leafy oaks above their heads. On this occasion the sunlight and the warmth made her bolder and more assured than ever before and an ache within her that was love turned her into a sun-dappled temptress,

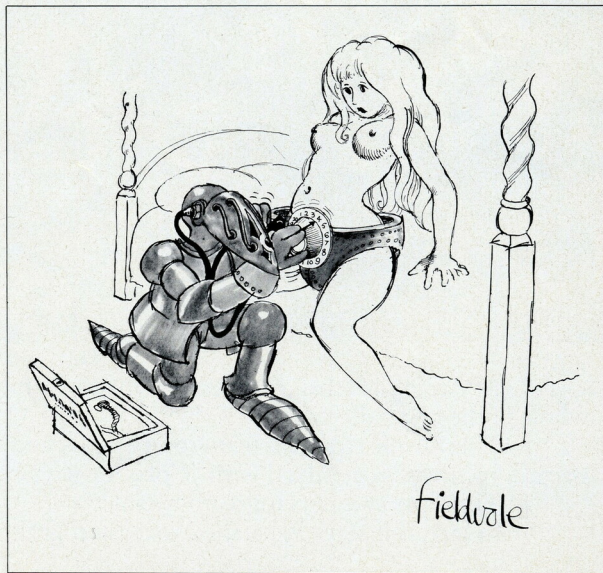
exciting them both with the total abandonment of her nakedness.

Quite often she slept the night with him. On occasions such as those she imagined in the darkness of his room, as he snored at her side, that they were man and wife. But Colonel Davenport never once spoke of love, although Amanda longed to hear the words. And she went on cooking and cleaning, living in hope, enjoying work and play, content to wait; confident of her security with, perhaps the greatest security of all, the prospect of marriage to her beloved employer somewhere beyond her in, she hoped, the not too distant future.

Then, without warning, the colonel had gone and married the fifty-five-year-old divorcee who became Mrs Davenport. Amanda felt as if her world had collapsed. The woman had been a guest in the house on several occasions, but never for a moment had Amanda thought the colonel was contemplating marrying her. But, true to her old nature, she managed to control her emotions. It would, she considered, be un ladylike to create any fuss, to cause embarrassment to Colonel Davenport. It was hard, but will-power sustained her and although there was no more intimacy of even the slightest kind between the colonel and herself – the new Mrs Davenport saw to that by hardly letting him out of her sight for any length of time – he remained courteous and charming; for a time very much his old self.

Gradually, however, she became aware of a distinct and terrible change in his general demeanour. He grew absent-minded and careless, his shoulders became bowed, his walk not a purposeful stride, but a

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Bradford-born Corine Steenson is a girl who's no stranger to tricky situations and tight corners – in fact she welcomes them, for 19-year-old Corine regularly assists Saheed Malik, an escapologist and magician, with his act at clubs and charity shows in and around Yorkshire. 'I've been working with Saheed for about six months now,' says 36-24-36 Corine, 'and we've already played the famous Batley Variety Club. At one point in the act, I'm shut in a box while sharp daggers are thrust into it.'



CORINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER PEARSON





But surely that's all an illusion? 'Well it is and it isn't,' explains Corine. 'The daggers are real enough and I can promise you there aren't any secret mirrors, wires or trapdoors. I don't think Saheed would thank me if I started giving away trade secrets, so I'll just confine myself to saying I avoid injury in this particular stunt by lying in a special way inside the box.' Away from the footlights and greasepaint, Corine, who was schooled at the local Bierley County and Fairfax High, holds down a more mundane job in a Bradford shop. 'Though I'd like to go into showbusiness on a full-time basis,' she says smiling.

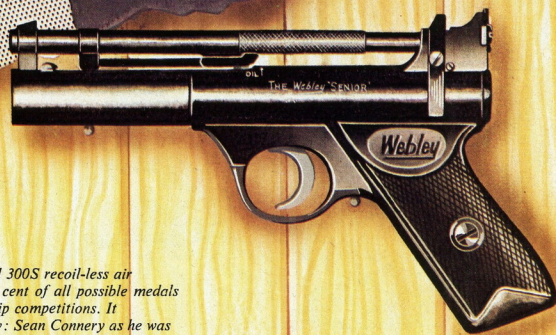
As a magician and escapologist? 'No,' replies Corine, 'as a dancer. I've been attending the Lyn Merrick School of Dancing here in Bradford since I was 14 studying everything from tap-dancing to modern ballet. I'm in the process at present of arranging an audition with Dougie Squires who does all the choreography for the Young Generation, so I'm keeping my fingers crossed that I'll be successful.' She laughs. 'That's a situation which, if I manage to get it, I'd be very happy not ever to escape from!'







Top: the Feinwerkbau Model 300S recoil-less air rifle which has taken 90 per cent of all possible medals to date in world marksmanship competitions. It costs in excess of £200. Below: Sean Connery as he was shown in James Bond film posters holding a Walther LP53, said to be the best and most expensive spring air pistol in current production. Its main spring and piston are inside the grip, giving the weapon the look of a firearm. Below: BSA's latest and extremely powerful air pistol, the Scorpion. Below: Webley and Scott's most famous and durable Senior pistol.



Pellet power: the story of air weapons

By Gordon Grimley

From the air catapults of ancient Rome to the 'silent' rifles used by the Austrians against Napoleon, air weapons have had a long and varied history. Today a revolution in design has transformed them into major target weapons

Few men pass through boyhood without having used an air gun, however briefly. But for most adults air weapons remain advanced, if somewhat dangerous, toys. Their history, and the recent revolution in their development and use, particularly in world competition events is still widely unknown.

Air weapons are of two types: those operated by spring propulsion of a piston which compresses the air and forces it through a port with sufficient energy to eject a pellet, ball or dart for a considerable distance; and the pneumatic type where the air is released from a reservoir of compressed air, via a valve.

Historically, the development of air weapons derives directly from the blowpipe. Blowpipes have existed for centuries. Carl

Bock, a Commissioner for the Dutch Government in the later part of the 19th century, described the lethal use of the blowpipe in his classic book, *Head Hunters of Borneo*: 'The Sumpitan (blowpipe) is from six to seven feet long and about one and a half inches in diameter with a bore of about half an inch. It is made of ironwood, the bore being drilled by means of a long, sharply-pointed rod of iron . . . The darts are called "langa" and are made of bamboo nine and a half to ten inches long and about three sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The point is dipped in poison. For larger animals they are furnished with a fine, barbed-iron blade. These darts the Dyaks blow with unerring aim up to 40 or 50 yards and frequently bring down the smallest birds.' The blowpipe principle – peashooters apart

– did not end in the brooding jungles of Borneo. Tiny poisoned darts were carried by agents of Germany's Colonel Otto Skorzeny in World War Two, for use in long imitation cigarettes. The length of these deadly little missiles was about one inch, including the rear 'flight feather' – the same size as those used nowadays in smoothbore air guns for target 'plinking'. They would have been effective up to six or seven feet. Using curare, one of the deadliest poisons, mere penetration of the skin would have been sufficient to introduce the poison into the bloodstream. As the victim fell, the agent could run forward to his 'assistance' while rapidly removing and concealing the dart.

The principle of using compressed air to propel missiles large and small is of great

antiquity. The Alexandrian Greek, Ktesibios, constructed a catapult type of weapon worked by compressed air. Vitruvius, a superintendent of missile weapons – ballista and other military sling devices – referred to it in his works during the reign of the Roman Emperor Augustus, as did Hero of Alexandria *circa* 125 BC.

The first true air weapon was produced in the 17th century by Otto von Guericke of Germany who constructed what has become known as 'The Magdeburg Air Rifle'. From a drawing of the period, it was some eight feet in length, mounted in the manner of a fixed, horizontal telescope on a copper sphere some three feet in diameter which formed the reservoir for the compressed air. It has been estimated that at full blast it would have been able to hurl four pound iron cannon balls a distance of 400 yards. By the end of the 18th century, air-reservoir pistols and rifles had become relatively sophisticated. A detailed description of the best models is given by an English traveller, Colonel Thornton, in his book, *A Sporting Tour Through France in the Year 1802*. He used an air rifle made by Martin of London which employed a copper cylinder reservoir into which air was compressed by hand by means of a small elegantly designed pump through a valve. Such weapons, beautifully cased, were supplied with their makers' own bullet moulds, which resulted in a confusing variety of calibres. To this extent almost every one of these weapons was unique since its capabilities could only be exploited with bullets of the exact diameter intended. If they were of an even fractionally smaller calibre, then part of the released air would escape, lowering both velocity and muzzle energy.

As to power and accuracy, Colonel Thornton recorded: 'At 93 yards, against their rifles, I shot within an inch of their mark, though it was not fully pumped. The day was extremely sultry, and my next shot was more exact.'

Such potential did not go unregarded by the military, and the Austrian army had already begun to experiment in producing what was to be a powerful 'secret weapon', officially designated 'Repeating Air Rifle M1780'. It had a barrel length of 47½ inches, rifled with 12 grooves, and a calibre of 12.8 mm – a fraction under half an inch. The rifle was, resultantly, heavy, and the officers' models were brass ornamented.

This Austrian repeater used a tube magazine for the bullets which fed into the breech by gravity. The butt of the rifle screwed off completely to form the air chamber which required some 2,000 strokes of a pump operated by two men. The heat generated in producing such a pressure – in this case to the order of 400 foot lbs – is considerable, and the wagon pumps therefore had a water-cooling chamber. Despite these large-scale, outside mechanics, the rifles had a perfectly conventional appearance and could have been taken for normal firearms of the period.

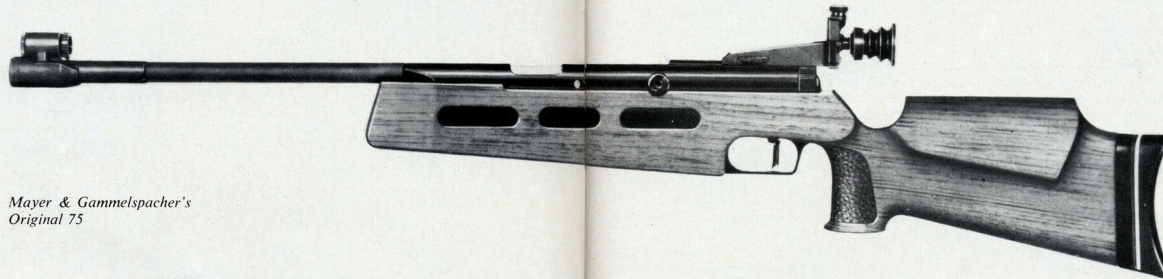
This extraordinary rifle was used by the Austrian army against Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Wagram, but the



BSA Airsporter



Walther LGR recoil-less



Mayer & Gammelspacher's Original 75



*M & G's Original Model 6:
The world's first recoil-less air pistol*



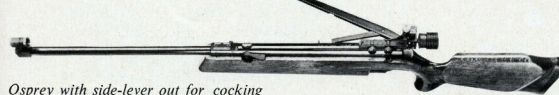
*M & G's latest: the Model 10
recoil-less*



Full view of a Feinwerkbau



Webley Osprey



Osprey with side-lever out for cocking



*Cutaway of a Feinwerkbau
pistol, the 'ultimate' recoil-less weapon*



Walther's recoil-less LP3



Webley Hurricane

Emperor apparently did not discover this until the Tyrolean campaign of 1808–1809 when Marshal Lefebvre reported to him that 'silent rifles' were being used. By then the Austrians had marshalled a special air rifle corps of over 1200 men, each of whom carried several extra air flasks with him and a back-up of others loaded into wagons. No air weapon is silent, but the Austrian repeating rifles were obviously much quieter than the conventional arms of the time and must have had a certain psychological effect on the French troops. Napoleon was so outraged by their use that he ordered that any Austrian found carrying one of these weapons was to be executed immediately without trial – an order comparable to that given by Hitler against British Commandos. Even American Indians, in the times of the plainsmen, learned of the existence of air weapons. Lewis and Clark, the renowned American explorers, recorded one tribe in their journals, published in 1818.

'They had indeed abundant sources of surprise in all they saw, the appearance of the men, their arms, their clothing, the canoes ... all in turn shared their admiration which was raised to astonishment by a shot from our air gun. This operation was instantly considered great medicine, by which they as well as other Indians mean something emanating directly from the Great Spirit, or produced by His invisible and incomprehensible agency. Everything they see excites their attention and enquiries, but having been accustomed to see the whites, nothing appeared to give them more astonishment than the air gun.'

In the commercial development of air weapons, British manufacturers were slower than those in America, Germany and other countries to prepare for what was to prove an exceedingly lucrative market (over one and a half million American 'Daisy' air rifles for boys are said to be sold each year).

The first and prime mover was an American gunmaker, Henry Quackenbush, whose first factory opened in 1874. He produced an extensive catalogue of weapons, advertising one fine, nickel-plated air rifle for eight dollars. In Europe, the most important manufacturer was Mayer and Grammelspacher who since 1900 have produced a never-ending variety of air weapons, both for youths and adults, under the trademark of 'Diana'.

Late in the 19th century a variant on the conventional air rifle was manufactured in England in the form of an air cane which in shape looked something like a rustic walking stick. It was supplied with a pump, and the handle was formed at a right angle to the body so that it could be used as a shoulder butt. The rear half of the cane acted as the reservoir and very small, primitive sights were mounted on the 'barrel'. The weapon was totally disguised in that it could be used as a conventional walking stick and was sold primarily to country gentlemen who could pot the occasional rabbit or crow during their walks. Poachers also found it useful.

The first commercial name encountered in Britain in the large scale manufacture of air weapons is that of the Birmingham Small

Arms Company (BSA) whose bicycles, shotguns and rifles proper are known everywhere. Their first air rifle, designated BSA Mark 1, appeared in 1905 and was of considerably advanced design for its time, being based on the patents of a design by Lincoln-Jeffries which BSA sensibly purchased to avoid extensive development and trials costs. It had an adjustable trigger and was cocked by means of a lever beneath the barrel – in the same manner as the company's present day 'Airsporter' rifle. When the lever is pressed down the spring and piston are pushed back to full compression. On top of the rifle was a tap-lever which was drawn back to allow the pellet to be inserted.

The more common method of cocking and loading at this time – and still obtains in many air weapons today – was for the barrel itself to be broken down to provide the leverage, whereat the pellet was inserted straight into the breech. The BSA Mark 1, like all British arms, was of the finest quality, and surviving models are keenly sought by collectors. Perhaps more powerful, though not necessarily more accurate, was the 'Britannia' air rifle which appeared shortly afterwards from Bonehill of Birmingham. It carried a 21-inch barrel in an overall length of 35½ inches, with an extremely powerful spring housed in the stock. It was, however, virtually a copy of one of the air rifles made by Quackenbush and could match neither the price nor the reputation of the Mark 1 which sold for £2.50.

A massive number of patents were being produced in this era for both air rifles and air pistols, but manufacturers of substance were lacking and BSA commanded the British market until the famous gunmakers, Webley & Scott, came into this particular field in 1924 with their Mark 1 air pistol. Both companies were obviously anxious to give their respective guns a military connotation rather than names that would lend

themselves to the 'toys' market. No comparable air pistol had ever been produced before. So ingenious was its design that it is still basically in use in Webley's new 'Hurricane' air pistol which is made for use with open or telescopic sights.

Many modern air pistols are still made on the 'break barrel' principle which in general tends to produce hand weapons up to some 15 inches in overall length. The disadvantage of this is that it takes considerable practice to hold such a pistol steady. The advantage is that it presents a long and therefore more accurate sight-line between the rear and front sights. But the ingenuity of the Webley Mark 1 was that it placed (and still does, in the 'Hurricane' version) the barrel above and in line with the air chamber. This made for a compact and extremely well-balanced handgun.

The cocking of such a pistol is the reverse of the underlever principle employed early on by BSA. The barrel itself acts as the rising lever, forcing the spring and piston forward towards the muzzle. Upon releasing the trigger, the piston drives backwards – that is, towards the hand – forcing the compressed air through a small vent against which the barrel seals itself. It is universally agreed that until the 'revolution' in air weapons design in the sixties the Webley air pistol, which with modifications later became known initially as the 'Senior' and then the 'Premier' air pistol, was the finest ever made. It is a superb example of the gunmaker's art, made to last several lifetimes, and with bluing of the highest quality. In the hands of young boys or youths, its shooting potential could never be realised. Correctly lubricated, the 'Premier', as also of course the new 'Hurricane', will group all shots within an area of three-quarters of an inch at 10 metres (33 feet). Its average velocity is 400 feet per second with a muzzle energy of two and a half foot-pounds.

The first Webley air rifle did not appear

until 1926, being superseded three years later by the Mark II Service Air Rifle with interchangeable barrels so that three different calibres of pellets (.177, .22 and .25) could be used. Again one is forced to say that it was the finest air rifle of its era, but the cost of its production and resultant retail price finally halted its manufacture in 1946. If you find one in good condition you may get besieged by offers from enthusiasts and collectors on both sides of the Atlantic.

Both the BSA and Webley guns were of the spring-air type as opposed to the pneumatic variant of air weapon which is still favoured in America by the four major manufacturers, Daisy, Benjamin, Crossman and Sheridan. The principle of modern pneumatic weapons is that they are self-pumping via a grip running parallel beneath the barrel. The true marksman's objections to these is that the pumping action, usually done four to six times for each shot, must be exactly duplicated each time in order to produce the same amount of air compression and thus the same velocity and trajectory. With one exception, as will be seen, pneumatic weapons are never used for serious target shooting.

There is a stage in many sporting activities when a 'revolution' occurs either in technique or manufacturing development and design – or both.

The revolution in air weapons was, in retrospect, of masterly simplicity and effect. Prior to the 1960's air rifle clubs and leagues for adults existed throughout Britain and, Webley, BSA, and some German air weapons were widely used in competitions. The problem of using spring-air weapons, however, was endemic to their construction. Each time that the trigger is squeezed, the spring and piston leap forward, compressing and releasing the air. Alas, before the pellet has left the barrel, the recoil from these movements has already taken effect, inevitably affecting the flight of the pellet.

To a great extent, a first-class shot can master this by accustoming himself to the effect of the recoil in the placing of his shots. An exemplar of this is in the use of the best and most expensive spring-air pistol in current production, the German Walther LP53 which some shooters continue to use because its recoil effect can be allowed for by careful sighting-in on the target, and almost exactly duplicates that of a .22 automatic pistol. The Walther LP53 is in a class of its own and conceals the fact that it is an air pistol by having the main-spring and piston inside the grip. There are in fact, two springs, one inside the other, and the weapon is cocked by breaking down the barrel. The gun weighs 42 ounces and is perfectly balanced, with a fully adjustable 'click' rear sight. It is a masterpiece of solid gunmaking, capable of placing every shot in the half-inch bull of a standard air pistol target at 10 metres. So closely does the LP53 resemble 'the real thing' that film posters of Sean Connery as James Bond showed him holding one.

To purchase an LP53 produces very little change out of £100, but like all first-class

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'Of course they look tatty. They're seconds.'

Pellet power: the story of air weapons

continued from page 42

weapons, will outlive its owner. One in continual use for over eight years will show no wear, looseness or deterioration in any of its parts, will have required no replacement of spring or washers, and will be as powerful as when first purchased.

The revolution in air weapons came from the old air weapons manufacturers, Mayer & Grammelspacher, who in the 1960's produced the world's first recoil-less air pistol, named 'Original Model 6'. The basic principle of its design was that instead of having a single piston to compress the air it had two pistons. One of them was a dummy or, as the manufacturer prefers to call it, a compensating piston of exactly the same weight as the 'real' one. The pistons moved in synchronised movement in opposing directions on miniature cog rails, so that not only was recoil totally eliminated by balancing out the thrust of the air-compressing piston but even unequal air and friction resistances were equalised.

The effect of this invention which other air weapons manufacturers have varied or modified, is twofold: the weapon remains absolutely still in the hand when the trigger is squeezed; and the shot goes exactly where it is sighted. A third benefit to every dedicated target shooter is that, because of the total absence of recoil or movement of the weapon, the 'sight picture' (the exact centring of the front sight in the rear sight) remains the same both before and immediately during the shot so that the marksman can immediately spot his aiming errors.

For those who have not done any serious shooting, the 'sight picture' presents one of the agonies of target work, or any other would-be accurate shooting. It is physically impossible for anyone to focus sharply both on the sights and the distant target; one or other must remain slightly blurred. Primary focus right up to the moment of firing must be dedicated to ensuring that the front sight is level with and perfectly centred in the notch of the rear sight. Many shots are spoiled because the shooter alternates his focussing attention between the sights and the bull. If you accidentally aim off the bull with a perfect sight picture, your shot will, every time, be closer to the bull than if you direct the barrel dead centre but with an imperfect or wavering sight picture.

The introduction of the Original Model 6 pistol was first followed by Walther with a redesigned version of their LP53. The LP3 as the recoil-less version is called, is actually a pneumatic weapon which compresses air inside the grip. A curved strut in front of the grip serves to compress the air; the barrel is then broken to load the pellet. This superb handgun is almost twice the price of its companion LP53. It is now rivalled in shooting performance, but at lesser price, by the Original Model 10 with a distinct space-age look.

With such guns as these, air weapons leaped decisively forward from back garden shooting to international competition levels, for they are as accurate within their target

ranges as firearms. Indeed, many pistolmen and riflemen who would otherwise be using smallbore arms have now turned to recoil-less air weapons even though their cost may exceed that of firearms. It is infinitely cheaper to buy pellets than to buy .22 ammunition, and no firearms certificate is required.

The ultimate recoil-less match air pistol, if it is to be judged by its successes in the European and World championships, is the German 'Feinwerkbau' which at the time of writing has captured every gold, silver and bronze medal: 102 out of 102. Its principle of operation is different to that of the 'Original' models in that, instead of having a compensating piston, the entire mechanism moves back fractionally at the moment the trigger is released. Like all its immediate competitors, it is capable of creating a single ragged hole in the bull. With an anatomical grip, which can be adjusted to suit the individual shooter's hand, it costs almost £200. For the same price you can arm yourself with a top class match target automatic pistol, using .22 ammunition, provided of course that you are willing to limit yourself to approved shooting ranges and that you can obtain a firearms certificate.

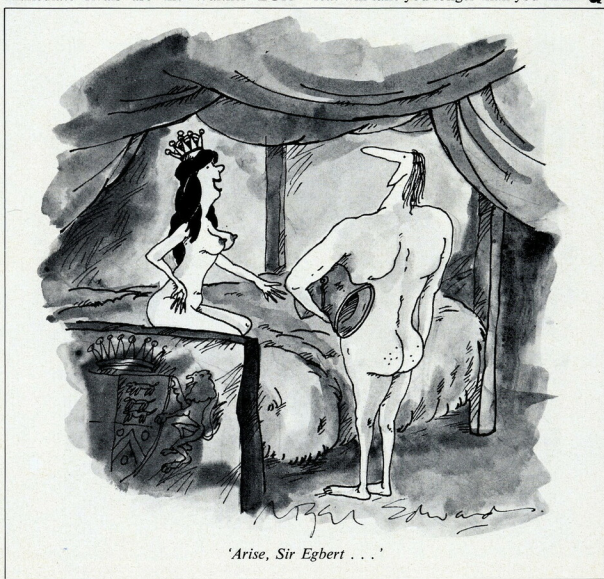
Together with their pistol, Feinwerkbau also produce their masterpiece air rifle, the Model 300S which has taken 90% of all possible medals to date in world competitions. Like their pistol, this magnificent weapon is cocked by means of a side lever. It produces a muzzle energy of six foot-pounds and a velocity of 585 feet per second. You would not like to get in the way of one. Its price, is inevitably, in excess of £200. Its immediate rivals are the Walther LGR

rifle (nearly £300) and the all-new Original 75 which shoots cheaper than either.

For the shooter who does not aspire to the nerve-racking demands of total precision shooting, British air weapons still present the best value. Webley's fine range now includes the 'Osprey' air rifle, in either sporting or target versions, while BSA continue to market an ever-improved model of their equally powerful 'Airsporter' together with a new and extremely powerful pistol known as the 'Scorpion'. Both this pistol and the new Webley 'Hurricane' accept telescopic sights, as do the rifles.

It is unfortunate no doubt that the commitments of both these British gunmakers in other fields have still so far precluded them from developing recoil-less weapons, though Webley at least have a future intention to do so.

All target air weapons use .177 calibre pellets and the best match pellets come separately packed so that there is no danger of individual pellets becoming nicked or deformed. The .22 calibre is generally recognised as the most effective for shooting small game and vermin, but it should be noted that greater power in an air weapon does *not* necessarily mean greater accuracy. Air weapons are dangerous and should be treated with the same respect as firearms. One of the unfunniest things is to find a rabbit, pigeon or crow crippled by a pellet from an air rifle in the hands of someone who considers himself a marksman. At the very least, no one should attempt to 'go hunting' until they can *regularly* hit a matchbox, with an air rifle, at 30 yards. And, unless you have a marksman's badge hidden behind your lapel, that particular feat will take you longer than you think. 



'Arise, Sir Egbert ...'

For spur-of-the-moment bird-pulling a bold, brazen, downright bawdy approach can often be astonishingly successful

PLAYING LEWD-OH!

By Philip Sidney Jennings

I'm very grateful to 'Cyrano'. His real name does him no justice. Anyway, he had a big nose and apart from that he was handsome, cavalier, casually dressed, hair quite long and curling, a laughing face that a smile sat in as easy as an armchair. I first met him at a party in London. I was leaning back in a chair, eyes closed, wondering whether I should have had that last drink, because now the music was pounding out too loud for me and the banking clouds of perfume, human body smells and smoke were nearly unbreathable. I was thinking of the journey home and being horizontal on my bed. So then I thought about women. And then I heard Cyrano talking in a clear direct tone to the only girl in the room wearing a mini-skirt. No wonder she wore it! Her legs were long and slim, her thighs lovely in proportional amplitude. Her face was dark and pretty. 'I'd like to feel your thighs,' he said. 'I think it would be lovely.'

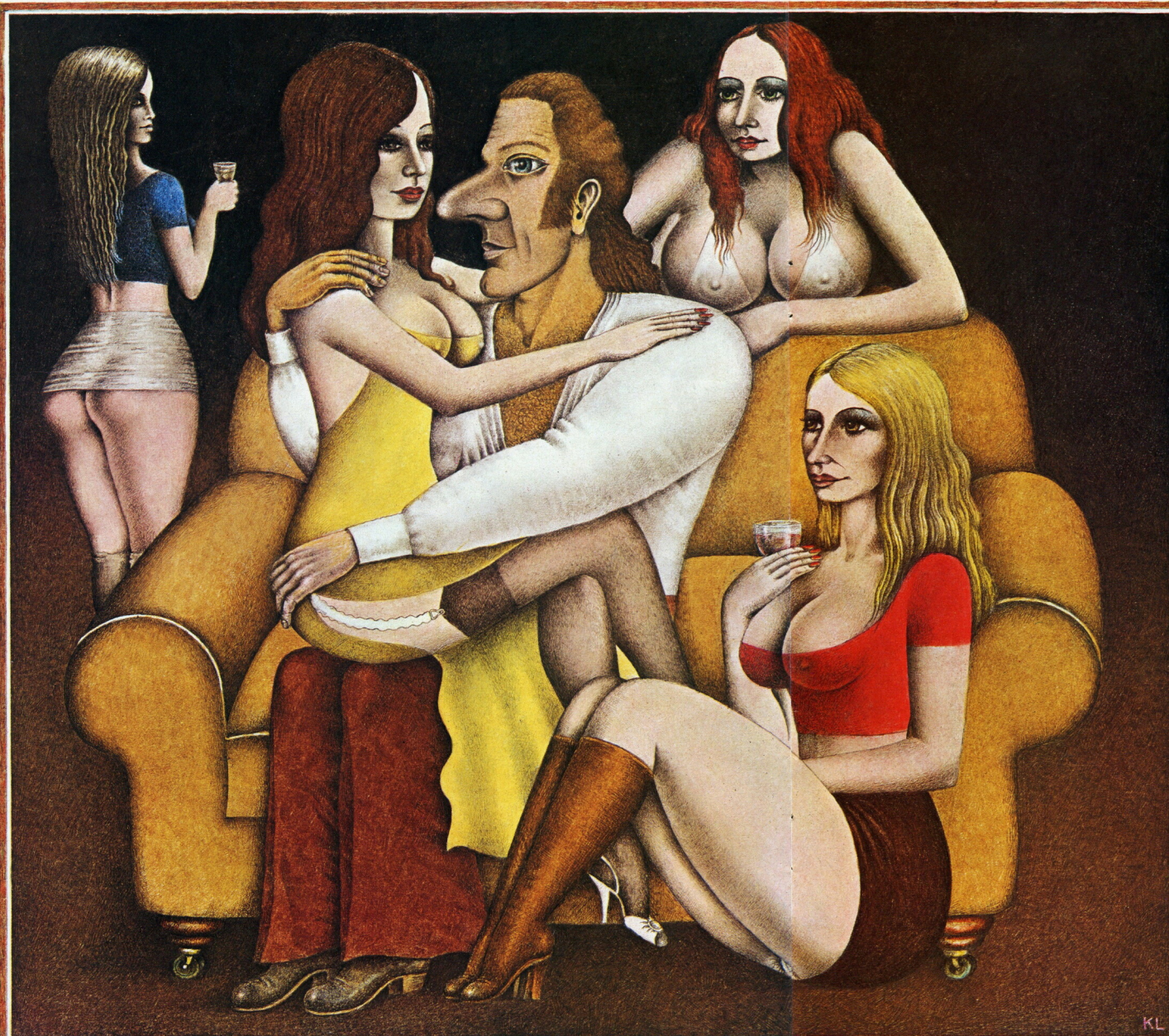
I half opened one eye and took in the girl, the cavalier, the words. They were bold and lewd and Cyrano's tone of voice had been fascinating, arresting. He spoke without the least grain of coarseness. He told the woman, obviously a new acquaintance, of his sexual desire. I listened and waited for her reaction. This was a trendy party of young antique dealers who courted each other with fairly expensive dinners, breathless business chat and odd deco talk. Cyrano was out of line.

But was he? There was a small pause in which Cyrano continued to stare into the woman's eyes with a mixture of reason, hunger and something else that I couldn't figure out. At any rate he was smiling and, strange to say, at that moment his nose didn't look too big for his face. In fact he looked distinctive and individual. An interesting man to arrest a lady in a short skirt with a bold statement. The woman's hands dropped to her thighs as though he were already caressing her there or as though his words themselves had enjoyed a quick feel. There was a brief atmosphere in which I imagined unseen hands moving to the frontiers of the waistband of her rude little panties. I sighed and watched the play. The woman 'moistened' to the man. She took his hand. I noticed her fine painted fingers curl into his palm. 'Let's dance,' she said.

The music was soft and late. I watched as this new couple folded more closely into each other's arms and, as the music turned round and round, so Cyrano's hand dropped like a parachute onto those splendid thighs. A few more turns on the floor and the woman's eyes hooded ever so slightly. Her face was an upturned flower of expectation. It was welcomed. In the corner of the room Cyrano's tongue dived like a phallus

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN LAIDLAW

KL



to penetrate her painted parted lips. They stood in the darkest corner of the room, deep kissing, he close between her legs. I left them there and went home to bed. Tomorrow was another day. And Saturday was another week and there was another party and there was Cyrano once more. We must have been on a similar circuit, if you can call it that. I was introduced to him. He was friendly, worked, he said, at a little of everything and spoke glowingly about many subjects – especially women. At which point our conversation was invaded by one.

'Oh my goodness,' Cyrano suddenly said, 'what a low dress!'

A stately blonde was cruising by, her breasts were full, tanned with caramel sunshine and all but visible, give or take a nipple. 'Lovely breasts!' Cyrano said, his eyes resting directly on her cleavage. He was full of admiration and lust. His eyes swept down her long sheath dress. In my mind I couldn't help but already see Cyrano pulling her skirt up around her haunches because neither of them wanted to wait to undress.

The woman stood poised, glass in hand. Cyrano smiled at the woman.

'You have lovely thighs too.'

The woman's voice was a mixture of curiosity and reproach: 'You're making a party into a cattle market.'

Cyrano laughed: 'It's not like that, although if you see yourself as a cow, let me be your bull.'

'Bollocks!' said the stately blonde and we

all burst out laughing. Yes, sure enough. An hour later I saw the two of them leaving the party hand in hand. Oh, what is he going to do to her, oh what isn't she going to do to him? I pulled the reins of my imagination back and went home to bed.

Two weeks passed. No parties. No sign of Cyrano. No pussy. Only visions of panties rolling up to elastic bands as eager hands pulled them down smooth tapering legs. And then the opening of the bridge of ecstasy. I pulled my fantasies back again and concentrated on my heavy pint of beer.

Then I saw Cyrano. He was sitting in the corner of the pub, where in two weeks I had established myself as a 'regular' without really trying for that title. At that moment Cyrano looked away from the brunette he had been laughing with, saw me and smiled. His face lit up. He gestured so genuinely that I joined him.

'Here's a party man,' said Cyrano, touching me on the shoulder and introducing me to Rita, whose sultry brown eyes went far beyond the teacups of Sussex, where she had ridden horses as a busty teenager.

'This,' said Cyrano, 'is a real party man. Whenever there's a party, this man shows up!'

Rita said with a knowing, bold, sensual look: 'He must be a bit like you, then.'

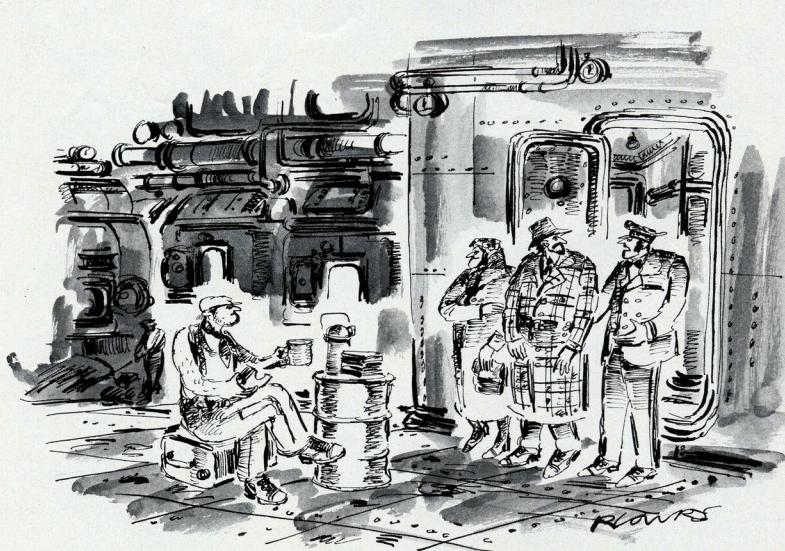
Cyrano grinned. 'You've got me there, Rita,' he said, 'And we've all got another party tonight!'

What! I thought, Cyrano's actually taking me and a woman to a party on a Thursday night! This seemed a little out of line from

our previous meetings but I was pleased. The party was given by one of Rita's sisters who was doing well in the gift store business. Her flat was a coffee-brown cave of carpets, paintings and things to make you extra-comfortable-big cushions really used for lounging on. My eyes lit up. There were many fine women draped over those cushions. I glanced at Cyrano. I thought his eyes would be out of his head like organ stops. They weren't. He had his arm around Rita's shoulder in his affectionate but deeply sexual way. He seemed unaware of the rest of the women in the room.

The three of us sat at a low table and, as we drank and chatted, one by one of those fine women seemed to end up at our table. They all, it seemed, had known Rita and I guessed wouldn't mind knowing Rita's other half: Cyrano. I met Carina and Angie and Sue and Sheila and I gulped at their hair and eyes and breasts and the outline of their panties beneath their tight fitting trousers – that's a sight I've always appreciated, despite the advertising world's campaign to eliminate that sight with invisible corsets. I shook hands with all these fine women and all the time I kept secretly studying Cyrano. I thought he'd be in his element, dancing here, petting there, pausing to write down a phone number and finally exiting from the room with a willing woman on either arm. But no. He continued to stroke Rita's shoulders as though that was the only thing he was at all interested in doing. We stayed at the party

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'As you may know, certain first class passengers are invited to dine at the Captain's table and selected steerage passengers get to share the Chief Stoker's tea and sandwiches.'

Playing Lewd-oh!

continued from page 54

for at least two hours. Then the three of us left. While Rita was getting her coat, I said to Cyrano: 'There were some really fine women here tonight.'

He laughed: 'That's true. But where are they now?'

I gave a little grunt. They certainly weren't in my bed. That was for sure. And Cyrano? He was taking Rita home. . . . I refused my fantasies permission to elaborate on that fact. Rita had grown more desirable in my eyes as the evening had progressed and Cyrano's quietly stroking hands had been a silent symphony of lust. He had been bold and lewd in a different way and the result was in a way the same: he had a woman! He had a woman and I had an empty bed. I fell asleep thinking it was time for me to graduate from my studies.

I determined to pull the centre-fold out of Cyrano's approach and make it my own. Chance must have felt my new determination, for that week-end I was handed an invitation to a party given by a neighbour whom I knew only slightly. She was an attractive woman but distant in her attitude. She ran three boutiques and as I understood often threw a party just because she was bored and could think of nothing else to do.

I duly appeared at the door, presented my bottle of wine, was shown where the drinks were and then left alone in a sea of faces to my own devices. There was no sign of Cyrano or anyone I knew for that matter, and in a way I thought that might be all to the good since I was about to take a leaf out of his book. I drank a glass and a half of wine, nibbled at a stalk of stringy celery and looked around for a woman to be lewd to. There were so many pretty girls there that I slowly found myself falling into my old habits, just staring and staring . . . and then it would be time to go home again. No, I said, giving myself a quick and reassuring pat on the cock. Not tonight, by Cyrano!

I cast my eyes around the room like a net. They caught the only person I knew in the room and she a distant woman. The hostess.

Then I suddenly saw her not as an aloof woman but more like a woman that kept her gush of good things in reserve – maybe until the right moment.

Perhaps it was now.

I watched her. She'd got the music on but no-one was dancing and she knew you had to dance at a party to loosen up. There was a one-drink atmosphere in the room which was surprising since everyone seemed to have been hitting the bottle for some time now. The hostess wanted her guests to dance. She didn't want to have to tell them so she was sort of dancing and moving around, all by herself. Interesting . . . She was a wonderfully plump woman with a wide lascivious mouth, a yard of tawny hair. She looked good in tight jeans, high heels and a tight white blouse with a small green eagle sewn on the back of it. I moved across the floor to her, glanced quickly into her eyes, saw that she saw me, didn't say a word yet, but began to boogie a little like

she was. We kept on moving together in an easy dance and two other couples came onto the floor.

'They're moving around a bit at last,' she said. 'I think I told you my name was Lucy, didn't I? We don't really know each other that well, do we?'

We spoke a little bit more to each other and then I said, since we were now moving quite close together: 'I like the tilt of your mouth.'

She smiled as though I had said an odd thing but she tilted her mouth a bit more and I saw the great snake of her tongue, lying in waiting behind her full lips like a creature of lust wanting to get out of its cave. I smiled. I felt I had been fairly bold and just a little bit lewd. It was time to proceed further. Then a funny thing happened. I went crazy. I overdid it. I blew it, as they say in knowing circles. I stopped dancing so that she did too. Then I looked at her and said directly, seriously and meaningfully: 'You know, Lucy, I've been looking at your mouth. It looks so sensual, I've been wondering how it would feel if you lowered it over my cock?'

I think I even had a quick gulp myself when I got to the end of that statement. I watched as a shock of horror drove like a storm through her face. I gesticulated: 'A passing hunger!' Her bosom heaved and she wore thunder in her face, not to mention the eagle she had sewn on the back of her blouse.

'That's very crude,' she said and she looked

extra snotty when she said that, as though she were trying to be some kind of school teacher and make out I was a naughty school boy. Perhaps I was. At any rate I couldn't extract my words from the air, so I said: 'I've got this new habit of being direct. I might even be stuck with it for life.'

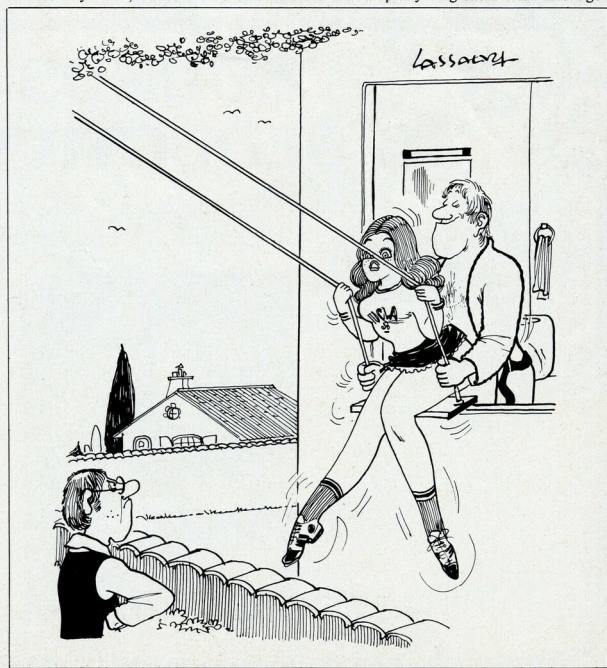
I paused to consider her point of view for a moment.

Was I just another crude talker?

No, I said, I'm bold and lewd just like old Cyrano. As for success, well, I watched as Lucy turned on a high heel and moved arrogantly to the farthest corner away from me. I watched her disappearing buttocks and despite everything I still felt there was a knot in them I wanted to unpick if only she'd given me the chance. Or, wretched thought, I'd given myself a better chance. But just how bold and lewd can a man be? I cursed and thought about going back home.

Then I drank two more glasses of wine and felt different again.

A beard wasn't grown in a day. You didn't always speak fluent Oral in one night. I began dancing. I began moving around the floor. Now I danced with a stout African woman, then I danced with a tiny Finnish girl. I danced with girls in dresses and girls in jeans. I dug them all, the long and the short and the tall. And into all their pretty ears I poured out my sexual needs, cravings, desires, wants, diversions, extravaganzas. I didn't keep anything back. What had I got



to lose? I told each one of them what precisely it was I liked about them. I told every girl what I wanted to do to her and what I wanted her to do for me. I must have been crazy! I wasn't drunk although I'd had a few...

Two hours later, I was standing alone on one side of the dancing floor, sipping a glass of wine, pulling on a cigarette and thinking about going home for a cold shower. Long live Cyrano and all that! It was then that I saw two of my ex-dancing partners talking to the hostess and glancing angrily in my direction. Yes, I thought, it probably is time for you to leave before you're asked. I drained my glass of wine, but not quickly enough. I found myself looking into the angry eyes of Lucy, the hostess.

'I want to talk to you.'

'I'm listening,' I said.

Lucy shook her head grimly: 'In private. What I have to say to the likes of you would not go down too well in this room.'

I followed her down a short hall into a small neat bedroom. I sat down casually on the edge of the bed. She stood in front of me, looking like the eagle she wore on her blouse. Then she launched in: 'Since you've been here, you've behaved like a sex maniac. You've poured your obscenities into every girl's ear, including mine, and you've stirred up no end of gossip.'

I nodded, staring into her eyes, following the track of a little ball of saliva that had sprung from one corner of her lascivious mouth like a little white satellite. I said:

'That's true. Would you like me to leave now?'

She kicked the door closed with one boot-clad foot. Did she want to whip me in private or something? She came back to me. I was still sitting on the bed. For a moment she stood in front of me, looking down at me. I sat looking up at her. It was a funny moment. Then she sank down on her haunches so that she was level with me. She was silent now. I didn't know what to say. Then I thought of Cyrano again. I thought of the quiet but sexual way he had stroked Rita. Yes, I said to myself, and stretched my hand and began caressing Lucy's shoulder. 'I'm sorry,' I said. 'I suppose you're right but would I be here with you at all if I hadn't said something, er, a little on the bold side?'

This was another funny moment. She made no attempt to brush away my hand. Instead I watched as the curtain of her anger fell and a little grin broke across her face. Then she said very openly in a different tone of voice: 'You threw me with that crude line... I didn't know what to say. I... actually invited you here because I fancied you... then there you were with all those...'. She began stroking the insides of my thighs, which praises to Cyrano! I instantly made the gap wider, thrusting my growing interest forward. She grasped at my crotch and carefully fingered the zip down. Her hand explored and brought out my lengthening rod. I mumbled and grunted and raised myself up into her hand so that I

looked big and naked and lewd. She nodded and began to pump me. 'Yes,' I cried, 'Take it from me. Take it.'

'Yes,' she whispered. 'I want to take it. I don't want you to leave. All the men here are so fucking boring and you're such a crude lovely man.'

Her lips parted an inch above the dome of my erection. They descended slowly and moved with relish along its length. I lifted myself up in bed and watched that lascivious mouth and that great serpent tongue twist their wet way around my genitals. As she sucked me she pulled her jeans down over a marvellous arse and sturdy thighs. She had no panties on, just a triangle of tawny hair. I pulled out of her mouth, swung off the bed, went to the door and locked it. Then I turned to her. She was lying on the bed, her legs raised up and apart. She was fingering herself in a bold crude way. For a moment I stood looking down at her, heart jumping with pleasure.

'Put it in me,' she said, lifting herself up.

'That would be lovely,' I said, and eased myself between her gripping thighs. My hands found her moving buttocks. We pumped at each other and both of us came, panting all those bold and lewd and crude things that I had so crazily scattered about the room. They had worked, despite my amateurish start. I was beginning to get an idea of when a man should be bold and just how lewd he can be. There was a balance to find. Cyrano had been a great help.

I'm very grateful to Cyrano. 

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JANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FORECAST

Certain girls, by their very appearance, suggest seasons of the year. There are russet and auburn haired Autumn girls; the ice-blue-eyed pure blondes of Winter; and Spring's frothy, chirpy dolly-birds. Summer? You need look no further than 19-year-old Jane Hazeldene. Straw-blond hair, a gently tanned 34-23-35 and a disposition as sunny as the balmiest of days. 'That's quite a build-up,' laughs Jane. 'I hope that I can live up to it.'







Jane hails from Carlisle, but now lives in the more tranquil and rural surrounds of the Lake District where she works in a shop in one of the busy tourist centres. 'I'd like to tell you which one,' says Jane, 'but I don't think my boss would thank me particularly if we suddenly became crammed full of young men hoping for a glimpse of what they can see in these pictures. I think I'd better maintain a discreet silence, though if anyone does happen to recognise me, do ask them to come up and say hello.'

It's not surprising to learn that Jane's life in the Lakes is divided into two distinct segments. That's very true,' she agrees, 'as Summer tends to be totally loony with all the tourists, whereas Winter is, I must admit, a bit dead. I'm so busy in Summer that my free time tends to be at a premium. It's a shame actually as a number of good events take place in August like the sheepdog trials at Rydal and the games at Grasmere. I tend to slip away and find a quiet beach. There are a number off the beaten tourist track if you know where to look.' She smiles 'And I know where to look. And there's no way I'm saying where!'





As anyone with any knowledge of that particular part of the world will tell you, probably the best times of year for a visit are the late Spring and early Autumn. 'That's right,' affirms Jane, 'you have the place to yourself then. If you're keen on walking or fell climbing, there are some areas that are in tip-top condition then, like the northern end of Conistoun Water and round Keswick.

The eastern shore of Lake Windermere's pretty good too. It's known as the "Queen of the Lakes," did you know that? Though I personally prefer it round Eskdale.' But are all pleasures of the region to be found out of doors? 'It depends on what pleasures you have in mind,' grins Jane. 'There are discos like *Flopps* and *Scamps* in Carlisle, but it's a bit of a way. Personally, I like making my own pleasures!'



MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / JANE HAZELDENE



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

Letitia has a large one, and so has
cousin Luce.
Eliza has a small one though large
enough for use.
Beneath a soft and glossy curl, each
lass has one in front.
To find it in an animal you at the
tail must hunt.
A child may have a little one enclosed
within a clout.
In fact all females have one, no girl
is born without.
All fowls have one (not cocks of course)
and though prolific breeders
The fact that fish have none at all is
known to piscine readers.
Hermaphrodites have none, Mermaids
are minus too.
Nell Gwynn possessed a double share
if books we read are true.
It's used by all in Nuptial bliss,
in carnal pleasures found.
Destroy it life becomes extinct; the
world is but a sound.
Lasciviousness here has its source,
harlots its use apply.
Without it lust had never been, and
even love would die.
Now tell me what this wonder is, but
pause before you guess it.
If you are mother, maid or man, I swear
you don't possess it . . .
The answer: the letter T

A Brit who emigrated to Australia decided that he would recoup some of his passage outlay by smuggling a number of watches Down Under and cleaning up on the natives. Hearing however that the Australian Customs were very good at their jobs, he gave great thought to a means of concealment which would defy detection. In the end he settled upon securing the watches about his nether regions. On arrival and while going through Customs he was trembling at the thought of being caught. However, he finally made it through customs and was full of smiles as he approached the terminal exit. Passing through the gate he was congratulating himself when he was approached by an Aussie swagman. 'You got the time on yer cock?' said the swagie, over the buzz of the flies. The cockney was crestfallen and said dejectedly, 'You buggers don't miss anything, do you?'



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

There was a very beautiful young seaweed who lived on a reef surrounding a particularly lovely South Sea Island. She had long, luxuriant fronds that were the envy and delight of all the other weeds on the reef. She had no need to decorate herself with trinkets like bits of limpet shell or coral, like the other, plainer, seaweeds in the neighbourhood.

However, the prudish old lady weeds of the reef got together one day and told her off for shamelessly flaunting her fronds in front of all the male weeds. 'You could at least have covered yourself with anemones,' said the old lady weeds.

'But,' replied the pretty, flirtatious little weed, 'with fronds like these, who needs anemones?'

'Doctor,' said the patient, 'my family think I'm mad because I love sausages.'

'That's nonsense. I love sausages too,' said the doctor reassuringly.

'That's a relief,' said the patient, 'you must come and see my collection, I've got hundreds.'

The erstwhile movie producer was in the dock facing obscenity charges. The prosecutor produced a black and white photo, and showed it to the jury.

'How can you stand there and deny that this photograph is obscene?' asked the prosecutor.

'What's the matter?' answered the producer, 'haven't you ever seen seven people in love before?'

An extremely attractive blonde in a pair of hot pants which gave the impression they had been painted on, they were so tight, strolled into a wine bar and seated herself at a stool.

Mesmerised by her beauty, a young lad approached her and by way of conversation asked: 'I wonder how anybody can possibly get into those pants?'

'For a start,' said the blonde, eyeing him over, 'how about using a bottle of wine as a shoe horn?'

'I'm very worried,' a man told his friend, 'I got a letter this morning from a chap who threatened to kill me unless I stopped screwing his wife.'

'That sounds very reasonable,' said his friend, 'why don't you just stop seeing her. That will solve your worries.'

'No it won't,' said the first, 'the chap forgot to sign the letter.'

Heard about the famous operatic soprano and her flautist boyfriend? It seems that artistically they are very much in tune to one another. She hums his parts while he fingers her passages.

Concerned about bringing up his teenage son with the same high morals to which he himself had always adhered, the father took the lad for a talk with the vicar. The father eventually turned the conversation to sex before marriage.

'I never slept with my wife before we were married,' he said. 'Did you vicar?'

'I don't know,' said the vicar, 'what was her maiden name?'

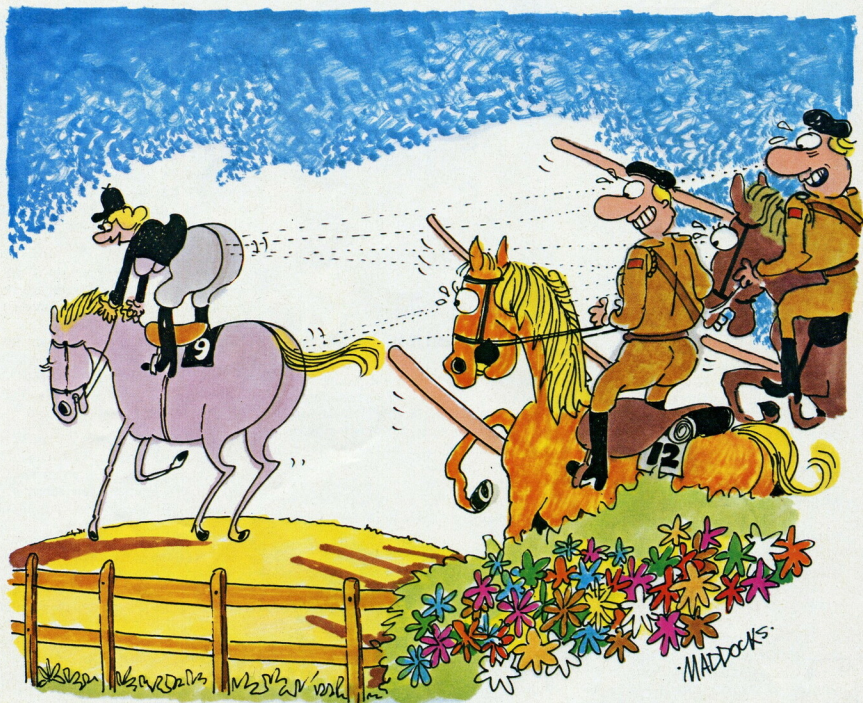
I met a young girl from Havana Who was known for her down-to-earth manner.

She said: 'Beg your pardon, But is that a hard-on? And if not, pray pass a banana.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.



9/12th. Lancers.

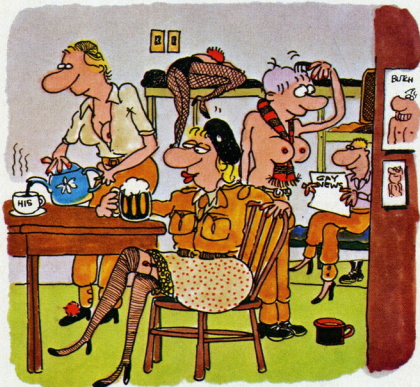


PRIVATES ON PARADE

Our ribald cartoonist Peter Maddocks
finds hidden meanings behind the names of
famous regiments, past and present



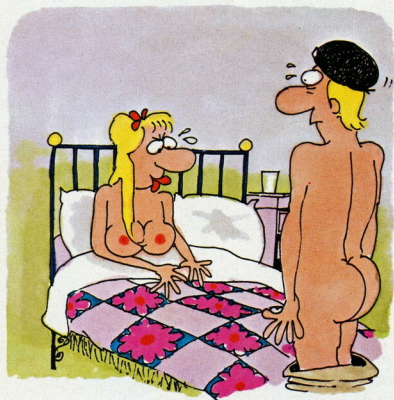
The Middlesex.



The Staffs.



The Wilts.

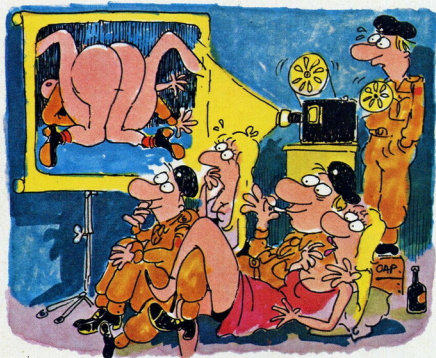


The Black Watch.

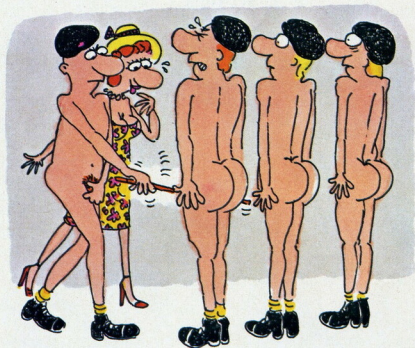




The Blues.



The Buffs.



The Coldstream.



The Beds. and Herts.

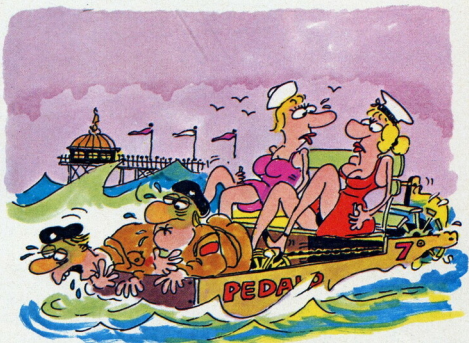




The Royal Irish Rangers.



The Green Howards.



The Special Air Service.





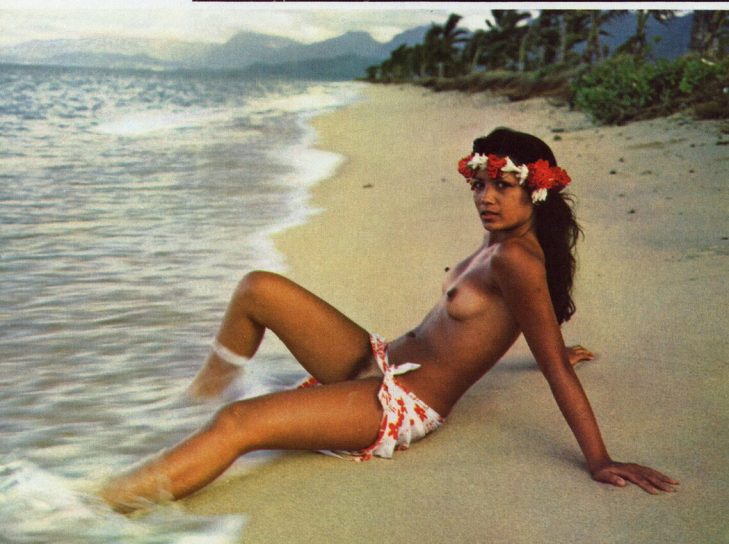
SOONA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Fans of that perennial television favourite *Hawaii-Five-O* are advised to watch out for an episode in which police chief hero Steve McGarrett spots a suspect on a crowded Hawaiian beach, leaps forward to make an arrest and is promptly flattened by a gorgeous, dark-haired *wahine*, choosing the wrong moment to rise from some sun-bathing. 'I've an idea it may end up on the cutting room floor,' jokes 21-year-old Soona Hainie. 'My Hollywood career was brief!'







Honolulu-born Soona was enjoying a day off from work in a local bank, sunning her 34-22-34 inches on the island of Oahu's North Shore – a popular surfing spot – when she was 'drafted' by a sharp-eyed assistant director. 'How I ever managed to trip up a man as tall as Jack Lord, who plays Steve McGarrett, I'll never know – I'm only five feet two, but he was very nice about it!' City-bred and city living, Soona prefers sea and sand to indoor activities, appropriately enough in one of world's most equable climates. 'My choice beach is on Kauai – it was Bali Hai in the film of *South Pacific*. It's our most beautiful island.'





AND HE WEARS...



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The Love Seat
updated by Ronald Cobb

STEPHANIE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER



There aren't many young ladies who can boast of conducting a romance over a distance of 12,000 miles, without waiting for the post, but 22-year-old Stephanie Webster is just such a one. 'To be honest,' she says with the kind of slow, sexy smile that would make her memorable regardless of her 36-25-36 inches, 'I have three long distance beaux, one in the Philippines, one in Tokyo and one in Teheran, though I'm really only on nodding terms with him.' How one can be on 'nodding terms' when the only means of communication is a computer console is a mystery resolved instantly on first meeting a girl with Stephanie's appeal. Stephanie spends her days in front of a TV screen in the communications department of a London import firm.





'It's a very weird situation,' she explains. 'You're stuck in one tiny little room in the middle of London most of the day but the tapping of a few keys puts you in touch with all sorts of people from Tokyo to Timbuktu. Since the information we're sending isn't exactly riveting the operators quite often add a little quip of their own and you get twice as much as soon as they discover you're female. Mind you, it's never more than a few words or

I'd be out of a job very quickly,' she adds diplomatically. The oddest moment came when a Japanese operator added brief but passionate words of endearment to a very urgent company report. 'I had to rush out in the middle of the message and a temporary girl logged it. We had some very puzzled enquiries from the board room. We had to explain that transmissions had somehow got crossed on the international lines, which is not entirely impossible.'





June will find Stephanie experiencing travel in the flesh as she's off to Argentina for the World Cup with a group of football-mad Scottish friends. 'I'll be the only girl in a party of ten,' she grins, 'so I'm sure to be well looked after. And I'm sure I'll have to nurse a few hangovers when Scotland win.' When? 'Oh definitely. Nae bother,' as my friends say. Favoured players are Kenny Dalglish and Bruce Rioch, 'who can make a pass any time!'







QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

Most men at some point in their love lives have encountered the girl who, having been wined and dined, feels obliged to offer herself sexually, as her 'thank you'. This

month Quest launches an investigation into this phenomenon and shows the effects, both beneficial and detrimental, such affairs can have on the parties involved

INTRODUCTION

It has long been recognised that some girls when wine, dined, or treated to an expensive night out, feel a need to reward their escorts with sexual intercourse. Whether they think it expected of them or not, many girls feel it their obligation to so offer themselves. This month it is interesting to note the various consequences such liaisons can induce. Our male interviewee suffered a major shock to his ego when he discovered that a girl he had been trying to impress went to bed with him almost as a matter of course. In another interview a girl ultimately found a lasting relationship with a boyfriend who did not expect sex as other boys had done. In a third interview a girl, in accepting her boss's sympathy after the break-up of her engagement, felt obliged to have sex with him.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Secretary, 23 years old, dark haired, town of origin Kingston-on-Thames

This interviewee had worked in the legal profession since leaving school. She was now engaged to be married and shared a flat with a girlfriend.

Question: Would you feel obliged to go to bed with a man who had taken you out to dinner, or lavished a lot of money and attention on you?

Secretary: No, of course not. That doesn't mean I'd deliberately soak someone; I just wouldn't let myself get into a situation like that.

Question: But in fact you have done in the past?

Secretary: I was very foolish. I thought I was being kind, or polite, or just doing what was expected. I think everyone who's a bit shy goes through a stage like that.

Question: You were trying to be like someone else?

Secretary: Alice had a big influence on me.

Question: This was the girl you shared a flat with?

Secretary: When I first lived in London. I'd never lived away from home before and my parents were always quite strict. It was one reason why I moved out. And Alice had one of the first flats I went to see.

Question: Had you met anyone like her before?

Secretary: Not really. I don't want to give the idea that I'd never lived, but I was just twenty then, and I hadn't really been anywhere or done anything very exciting. I'd had the same boyfriend for the past four years. Alice was in her late twenties then and very sophisticated. She'd been an air stewardess but she'd always had some kind of business background and was a kind of freelance cashier then. I know she did book-keeping for a couple of restaurants, because she was trying to marry the owner of one of them, a man called Larry, though he wasn't particularly interested. I suppose I wasn't particularly interested. I suppose I was slightly in awe of her; I was quite

pleased that she wanted me as a flatmate.

Question: When you say sophisticated, presumably that includes sex?

Secretary: That was established quite early on. The night I moved in Larry was round for dinner – he was always popping in – and it was obvious Alice was all over him; I remember sneaking around trying to pretend I wasn't there. But he didn't mind at all, he kept asking me about my job, how I was going to get into work, being very chatty; while Alice fumed in the background. I thought that was an ominous start but apparently Alice accepted it. I even felt quite sorry for her, until the first weekend.

Question: What happened then?

Secretary: I'd gone home on the Saturday for a party and I came back Sunday morning. The first thing I saw was this strange man lurking out of Alice's room and looking for the loo. He only had a towel on, and all he said to me was, 'Oh, hello. Didn't keep you awake, did we?' I just grinned a bit weakly and went to my room. Then Alice came out and made breakfast for them both. Then they went out for a drink and Alice came back on her own. I asked her who it had been, because I thought Larry was her boyfriend, at least unofficially. She was very breezy. Apparently she'd flown with the man and he'd just been promoted, so they went out on the town together. She kept going on about all the marvellous places they'd been to – night-clubs and a terribly expensive restaurant. In the end I said, 'Did you ask him to stay?' And she just laughed and said, 'Oh come on; he wasn't going to spend all that money for nothing was he?' I suppose I must have looked terribly shocked. Alice just laughed. 'For God's sake, it's only one night,' she said. 'And he was a lot better than most.'

Question: Did she change your attitude?

Secretary: I'd never met anyone who took sex so lightly. At home people had relationships obviously, but they were always quite fraught – people worrying about who fancied whom, or whether they would get married soon or start living together. It was all very permanent. Look at me.

Question: You were still with your boyfriend?

Secretary: We were unofficially engaged, though I know my moving away was a sort of half-hearted attempt to get rid of him. I really am a one-man woman. Really Alice was so utterly different.

Question: How many men did Alice bring home?

Secretary: I was there eighteen months. I think, three during that time. One she went away on holiday with – to Bermuda. She wasn't climbing into bed with everyone; it was just the kind of life she led – all the men were very fanciable, so sleeping with them couldn't have been any hardship. I suppose I began to feel even more left out because she did invite me to dinner parties she had at the flat. And at home and the office everyone I knew was always worrying about getting married and saving for house deposits; they sounded incredibly boring.

Question: Were you sleeping with your boyfriend?

Secretary: We'd been to bed together;

mostly on holidays; sometimes when one or other of our parents had been away. I never invited him to the flat. Probably because of Alice; I convinced myself a shipping clerk – which was what Don was – could feel totally out of place. He felt very bad about it, which he was entitled to; but we'd outgrown each other quite some time before that. It's just so hard to throw over someone you're so used to, especially when there's no one new.

Question: What persuaded you?

Secretary: Alice, really. The last 'new' man she had called quite a few times and was obviously very interested, but Alice had set her sights on Larry and more or less told this other man. They got on very well, but she couldn't be happy without a lot of money – that sounds awful just saying it, but it was quite true. And Barry didn't have any money. I was there the night she told him it was all over. Apparently he worked in a club in the evenings and she phoned him there, so he couldn't ring back and argue. I could tell it upset her, but she still went on and that gave me the courage to give up Don.

Question: How did that go?

Secretary: I thought it was fairest to see him, and he took it so matter of factly I nearly hit him. He used to phone me at work for a week or so afterwards and then it just petered out. Four whole years. I was so worried he'd been upset and I found myself the most miserable one.

Question: Was this when your boss asked you out?

Secretary: Nigel, yes.

Question: What was your attitude to him?

Secretary: I don't know. I mean, before I broke up with Don. He was a partner in the legal practice, though he was the youngest one at about thirty-six, thirty-seven; and it was quite a big thing for someone my age to be a partner's secretary. I suppose that made us chummiest than most. The older partners were all very formal with staff, and they were mostly older women who'd worked there for donkeys years. For example, I called him Nigel, which was frowned upon a little; but he'd insisted on it. He was always quite easy to work for, but he was married – though I think he'd just separated from his wife when I joined; she was always phoning him and being very frosty and unpleasant. Apparently they couldn't agree about their children, but I never asked for details.

Question: You didn't fancy him?

Secretary: He wasn't unattractive; but I wasn't mad about him. I couldn't have worked for him if I had been. We kidded about a bit at firm's dinners and at Christmas time, but there were always other people there.

Question: How did he come to ask you out?

Secretary: He asked me to work late one Friday, and was very apologetic – but he was working over the weekend and had to deliver a contract on the Sunday. He offered to let me have time off, but I said it was fine, I wasn't going anywhere – I wasn't. I think he said, 'You've got a tolerant boyfriend.' And I said, 'Not anymore; and he wasn't all that tolerant when he was

around.' Which was true. So we worked through till almost nine. Actually it was quite nice; during the day there are always interruptions; we're very busy anyway, but then he had more time to explain things. I quite enjoyed it. We finished just after nine and we were clearing up and chatting about the weekend. He was thinking about working all the next day and fitting in a visit to his children. He supposed I was going to some wild party, and I must have looked a bit blum, because I wasn't doing a thing, and suddenly he said, 'Come on; we're both starving; we'll get you some dinner on the company, and you can tell me what a swine your boyfriend was.' I just laughed – we really were enjoying ourselves – so five minutes later we were in Nigel's car.

Quest: You didn't anticipate any sexual overtures?

Secretary: I was just grateful he was being kind. It was odd, in a way, sitting next to him in his car out of office hours, but that didn't change our attitude to each other, or at least not mine. He was still my boss. We went to a very nice Italian restaurant which was obviously full of courting couples and the waiters treated us the same way, which was funny but it was quite embarrassing too. And Nigel insisted on making me tell everything about Don. Actually I was quite pleased, because he was a kind of stranger – Alice wouldn't have wanted to know and anyone I told at home might have told someone who knew Don. I could really talk quite freely. And then Nigel began to talk about his wife. I don't think he meant to – I just felt I ought to let him; I would have changed the subject at once if he'd been at all reluctant. But I think the wine we'd had helped a bit. And his wife sounded as appalling as she did on the phone. Apparently she wanted the kind of life he offered but she didn't want him – especially in bed.

Quest: He brought that subject up?

Secretary: No, I did. It just seemed an obvious question. Then it was time to go, and he offered to drive me back, because it was after midnight by now. He lived in my direction. I said he could drop me off at his place and I'd find a taxi, but when we got there he said I was being silly – if I wouldn't let him drive me home I could order one on his phone and I could wait for it inside. So I agreed.

Quest: Without suspecting anything?

Secretary: He hadn't touched me. It didn't occur to me. He dialled a number but he said the company the firm used was busy; we'd have to ring back in half an hour. I could have a coffee while I waited. By then I was cooing over his flat. It was in a very posh area and beautifully furnished. He said, 'Help yourself,' while he went into the kitchen, and of course the first door I blundered through was the bedroom which had a mammoth double bed in it; you could hardly get into the room. I remember calling out, 'Is this where you keep your harem?' And he just laughed from the kitchen. Then we sat down on the sofa and he poured us coffee and then jumped up and brought an odd-looking bottle from out of a side cabinet and poured a glass

from it. He told me to try it. It was terribly thick and sweet but absolutely delicious. Apparently some very rare local liqueur he'd brought back from a holiday in Turkey; and of course very very strong – I must have had at least a wine glass full. And then it all began to change.

Quest: Suddenly?

Secretary: I remember laughing, and then Nigel was slumped down on the sofa next to me, knocking against me when he straightened up. And I think I said, 'If I didn't know any better I'd say you were trying to get me drunk' – something dazzlingly original like that, and I thought I was being dreadfully daring because it was still Nigel – sir. I must have stared at him, half frightened he'd take offence. But he simply grinned and leaned over me and said, 'Janet, you can trust me with anything, absolutely anything.' His hands were gesturing as he said it, and quite wildly – because he seemed as woozy as I was – and the nearest hand brushed against the front of my dress. I froze. We both did. It was quite stupid, looking back. With someone I knew properly I might have laughed about it and forgotten it, or if I'd madly fancied someone new, it could have been quite exciting. And it did make me perk up a bit, but I suddenly didn't know what to do. It was still Nigel sitting there – the boss – but he could have been someone who'd asked me out. And I suddenly remembered all the quite randy conversations we'd been having, and how I'd gone straight to the bedroom when I got there. We just stared at each other and then, very slowly, Nigel leaned forward and kissed me.

Quest: Did you object?

Secretary: I felt totally confused. One part of me was thinking, 'Oh God, now you've thrown away a marvellous job; you can't work for him anymore' and another part was thinking how nicely he kissed, because he did, and seeing him as another bloke, really for the first time. Then I thought, 'Well perhaps he's always fancied me and never said,' and then I wondered if he expected to go to bed with all his secretaries, and would get upset if I didn't. The end result was I was like putty. Absolutely useless.

Quest: So what happened?

Secretary: We kissed for quite a long time and then broke apart and cuddled each other; his head was lying on my shoulder, and it was nice; but I still didn't know what to do, so I said, 'Perhaps I better phone for that taxi, Nigel.' Then there was a great silence, and he said eventually: 'You can if you really want to.' What could I say to that? It just wasn't up to me to say – at least I was silly enough to think that. So I didn't say anything. And I suppose he assumed by that that I wanted to stay.

Quest: How did he react?

Secretary: He lifted his head and began kissing my neck and my ears – I've always been dreadfully sensitive there, anyway – and I felt like someone in a cartoon – desperately trying to be prim and proper and getting incredibly steamed up all at the same time. And then we were kissing again and his fingers were pulling open the buttons at the front of my dress. And then

it all got terribly urgent; my dress was undone and peeling over my shoulders, and my bra was up around my neck somehow; my knickers were all twisted. I felt so ridiculous and hot and bothered I didn't know what was happening. And the mad thing was he didn't force me; if I didn't want him to bite an ear lobe and made a movement to stop he would stop but at the same time his hand would be somewhere else. He didn't force me to do anything, but all of a sudden we were doing everything.

Quest: Actually having sex?

Secretary: All but; my dress was still on but it was open right down the front – I was naked to all intents. But then he stopped. We were stretched out on the sofa, and he dropped his head on my boobs, and said, 'Do you still want to go, Janet?' What a time to change my mind! And as he finished saying it he stabbed at the tip of my nipple with his tongue, and went on doing it, licking and then sucking – so, so gently at first and then harder and harder – and I was breathing harder and harder and my heart was bouncing like a mad thing. And then I knew I couldn't stop even if I wanted to, and I was rubbing at the front of his trousers and dragging down his zip. And he was pushing me away while he kicked off his pants, and then he'd gone. I thought I'd go mad. But he'd only gone to turn the lights out and suddenly he was kneeling in front of me, easing me down onto the carpet, kissing me and caressing me and slipping a cushion under my back and gently pushing my legs apart, and it all started. I felt him hot and hard against my tummy and I tried to touch him, but he was inside me almost at once, and moving faster and faster and I wanted him to slow, but I felt my climax building and building and I was gasping and moaning at him to stop – I don't know why – and he burst and jerked so fiercely it took me over the top. The next thing I remember is lying there in the dark, thinking, 'God, what have I done!'

Quest: What had you done?

Secretary: In one sense I'd done what Alice was doing – I'd slept with someone just because he'd taken me out, even if I had liked him. And I'd probably ruined my job as well.

Quest: Had you, in fact?

Secretary: No, as it turned out; though I did leave quite soon. Nigel was sound asleep, so I got dressed and called a taxi. And before it came he woke up – I only put a little side lamp on – he was obviously still woozy. I was as sober as a judge. He started to insist on driving me home, which he was obviously in no condition to do, and instead I ended up helping him to the bedroom. As soon as we got there the door rang with the cab driver, and I left – I almost felt I shouldn't leave him alone. And the rest of the weekend I worried about what it all meant – the odd thing was I never considered that I might become his mistress; all that mattered to me was what he would say at work on Monday. I even thought of ringing him but I thought he might even have forgotten about it all. We'd both been quite drunk. Then first thing

Monday he called me in and he said, 'I think we both know I overdid things a bit on Friday. Can we agree to pretend it didn't happen?' He'd obviously been worrying I'd been pining after him all weekend. And I agreed. We were both obviously so relieved it wasn't going to mess everything up, and it didn't. Though Alice told me I was a fool not to press him, poor old Nigel.

Quest: It didn't happen again?

Secretary: No; I still see him for a drink or a lunch occasionally, but strictly as friends. He is a friend. And now I go to bed with people I want to go with – and I tell them if I don't. Though I'm engaged now, so the opportunity doesn't really arise.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two Compositor, 24 years old, single, town of origin, Charlton Mackrell

This – male – interviewee left school at seventeen and was apprenticed to a firm of London typesetters. A self-confident young man, he lives alone in a flat in Finchley, North London.

Quest: Some girls feel almost obliged to go to bed with you if you take them out, have you ever found this?

Compositor: On two occasions actually. The first time was a complete and utter disaster, the second was one of the big disappointments of my life so far.

Quest: Tell me of the first time.

Compositor: The first instance happened about three years ago. It was a shambles right from the start. I'd just split up from a girl and was very dejected, very much so in fact. It was my mother's fault.

Quest: How so?

Compositor: She's very concerned about me and obviously thought that having split up with Sandra and there being not much chance of us getting together again had left me in need of cheering up. Anyway she decided to take matters into her own hands so to speak and kept on at me to take out this young girl she knew. Actually she worked in the hairdresser's where mum went – every Saturday morning.

Quest: Did you know the girl?

Compositor: The whole family had moved to London by that time, I should explain and I would sometimes go home on the weekends. I think I went to meet mum at the hairdresser's one Saturday morning because we were going on to a wedding. I met her then.

Quest: What did you think?

Compositor: At the time, it was before my break up with Sandra, I hardly noticed her. But I evidently made a hit on her.

Quest: How so?

Compositor: I just suppose it was chit-chat actually, something that mum wouldn't have taken notice of unless it had been for the break-up with Sandra. And when that came about she mentioned it a few times.

Quest: About taking this girl out?

Compositor: Not persistent or anything. And then one day at work I got a call from her, saying that she was in town and would we like to meet after work for a drink.

Quest: Did you go out?

Compositor: Just a small restaurant. Very nice. We seemed to get on all right.

Quest: Did the thought of having sex with her enter your mind?

Compositor: In so much as you see a girl in the street and think 'I could screw that'. It was never more than that. I didn't really fancy her because as I said she wasn't anything to turn heads in the street. She wasn't ugly – don't get me wrong, I'm not being nasty – but I'd rather have not, if you get my gist.

Quest: But you did?

Compositor: It was one of those situations you find yourself in occasionally. I said 'I'd drop her off at the station so she could catch a train home. Anyway, it's not important but one thing led to another and I found myself with her back at my place.

Quest: And why do you think it was a 'thank you screw'?

Compositor: Because in the morning it was different. We just talked casually. There didn't seem to be anything there any more. And she got up and went off home – she had the day off – and I went to work and I heard very little from her afterwards.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Compositor: Sure, I saw her about two weeks afterwards and again we went out for a drink. This time there was no meal or anything attached, and neither of us mentioned sex and that night she caught the train home, albeit late.

Quest: And you think that she only went to bed because you'd spent money on her?

Compositor: That's the way it struck me, but then again I'm prejudiced after what I term the Audrey affair.

Quest: This is the other instance you mentioned earlier. Who was Audrey?

Compositor: Audrey was a secretary with our mob. She was really good looking and all the chaps fancied her like crazy.

Quest: You included?

Compositor: I should say so. She'd joined while I was still apprenticed and I never thought she'd noticed me. The other chaps had all tried it on with her I presumed, though no one ever talked much about her, not in a sexual way. She was just nice having round. Last year one of the lads left and we went to the pub for a farewell drink, and happened to bump into Audrey and a friend and naturally invited them to join us.

Quest: How did you get her to go to dinner with you?

Compositor: I was feeling very, if not pissed, then happy. And in my merry state on the way back to the works I asked Audrey if she'd care to go out with me.

Quest: What was her reaction?

Compositor: I was dumbstruck. She said I should ask her again when I was sober. That was quite a soberer I tell you. So I kept on at her, a bit silly actually, and she said that if I took her out for a nice dinner and we went on to a club or disco or something.

Quest: Did she give you the impression that she expected you to spend a lot of money on her?

Compositor: No. I never thought of that at the time. Though that is obviously what she had in mind.

Quest: Well, what happened?

Compositor: I'm straying. Then a few days

later, I had to go and see the overseer and I met Audrey in a corridor. She said 'Hello' and asked when I was going to ask her out. I said I thought she was having me on, you know, pulling my leg, but she said she was serious. And I just couldn't believe my luck. She was a dream. I stammered 'What about Saturday?' and she said 'That's fine' and we made arrangements for me to pick her up at her flat. She shared with two other girls by the way.

Quest: Did you have a good time?

Compositor: We went into town to a disco and then for the meal bit again. It took me all my savings – I had to withdraw money from the building society because I could never afford to go out on my pittance. Not to those places anyway. But everything went perfectly. She was incredible. I felt actually deep down 'why is she going with me?' she was so attractive.

Quest: Did you think about having sex with her?

Compositor: Every minute of the day.

Quest: What?

Compositor: You know how you sometimes have to revert to all sorts of devious means to get a girl back to your place. There was nothing at all like that this time. When we had finished, about three in the morning I said 'I'd run her home. I was actually planning to be invited in for a coffee and a bit of the other, but when I suggested it she said that she shared a bedroom with a girl and she thought she was going to have her boyfriend staying the weekend, so could she just stay at my place for a few hours until she could catch a bus.

Quest: And when you got back to your flat, you had sex?

Compositor: Great sex. Probably the best I've ever had. We got inside and I made a coffee and we sat talking for a bit and she said she'd had a really super evening and she knew what I would like as thanks.

Quest: Which was ...

Compositor: She twisted round on the settee and sat over me, straddling me almost and put her hand over my crotch, and massaged me through my jeans.

Quest: Your penis?

Compositor: She was very sexy and before I had time really to get my breath she'd unzipped my fly and was dragging me from my Y-fronts, and was smothering me with deep French kisses.

Quest: As casually as that?

Compositor: Very casually. It was then that she squatted on the floor between my legs and I felt her warm breath on my cock ...

Quest: But you had proper sex?

Compositor: After she'd felled me and I'd come she suggested we go to bed and that we would make love all through the night until morning. I had enough trouble getting up again to do it properly. But she was magnificent. Squirming and acting as though I really was giving her the screw of her life.

Quest: You say acting, so she must have let you down in the end. So what happened?

Compositor: We screwed and screwed until I was absolutely exhausted. Shattered. If you want to know the truth, I don't have that much staying power. What I mean is

that I can hold my distance on the first love-making bout, but that usually buggers me and afterwards all I want to do is go to sleep. Audrey was insatiable, wanting to go on and on. And to keep me going she told me all these incredible things about how great I was, and like a sap I believed her.

Quest: Well why did you change your mind.
Compositor: A few days later I was with one of my mates down the boozier at lunch time and I mentioned that I'd gone out with Audrey. He said something like 'Did you get your bone home?' You know what sort of talk goes on in pubs. But I must have been the game away when I turned like a beetroot. Ian kept on and said that I bet I had. I made a non-serious comment like 'Aud's not that sort of girl.' And Ian came back like a shot saying 'Like hell she's not. I took her out a few weeks ago - she made sure we went to a posh restaurant - and she came across without any encouragement. She does it for everybody who spends money on her.'

Quest: What was your reaction?
Compositor: I felt the adrenalin pounding through my veins. I thought 'why would he say that unless it was true.' Back at work I did a bit of undercover enquiring and found that a couple of the other guys had had the same... sex for a night out. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd have known from the start but I fancied her and I really believed for a time that she was something special. She even said the same sort of things to the other guys - told them their cocks were beautiful. Can you believe it? I felt that I had been used - taken advantage of.

Quest: Thank you.

Three Secretary, blonde, aged 20, single, town of origin Ilfracombe

This interviewee left home at the age of 17 to seek better job opportunities in a larger town. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Coming from a small town to a place the size of this must have made quite an impression on you. What were the main differences you encountered?

Secretary: It took me a month or two to adjust to the place. Ilfracombe's not exactly the liveliest place on earth for all its other virtues. I think the biggest difference I found was the way men related to women.

Quest: How so?

Secretary: Well back home you'd go round in a crowd and even if you had a proper boyfriend you'd still go out with your friends a lot. Up here though they seem to be much more keen on one-to-one relationships, though of course you do go out in a crowd sometimes. It was difficult at first though because I didn't know very many people and tended to be on my own quite a bit. I had quite a nice bedsit so being in of an evening wasn't too bad. It takes a while to build up a social crowd.

Quest: Did you manage that easily?

Secretary: The people I worked with were very nice to me. I've since moved on, but that was more the fault of one or two specific people rather than the job itself.

Quest: Could you be a bit more detailed?

Secretary: Well I'd been in my first job just a couple of weeks when one of the other girls had an eighteenth birthday party which I was invited to. I was pleased, as it was the first time I'd been out anywhere with other people, so I was looking forward to it. While I was at the party, I was chatted up by this chap called Derek who was also in our department. He was only a couple of years older than me, but he seemed very sure of himself. I was quite flattered really as he's pretty goodlooking and I knew that a number of the girls fancied him.

Quest: Did he make any advances?

Secretary: We necked for a little while, but we didn't go any further. He tried to touch my breasts, but I wouldn't let him. He didn't get angry or anything, but he asked if I'd like to go out during the week.

Quest: Did you accept?

Secretary: Well I didn't see any harm in it. It started off a very nice evening. He didn't have a car, so we went by taxi. He took me to quite an expensive restaurant which both impressed and flattered me because I knew that he wasn't all that well paid. We had a lovely meal with wine and everything and he seemed terribly interested in me. Genuinely so. I've met boys who've done nothing except talk about themselves, but Derek wasn't at all like that. When we left the restaurant, he got us another taxi to take me home. I thought he was going to drop me off on his way home.

Quest: You mean you weren't prepared to invite him back?

Secretary: You make it sound as though I was being terribly ungracious. The thing was if I'd asked him back I was afraid it might have led to other things and though I wasn't a virgin, I didn't at that time sleep with boys until I'd known them for quite a long time.

Quest: How many had you slept with?

Secretary: Is that relevant?

Quest: It would help me assess your character.

Secretary: Well, three actually.

Quest: Fine. So you didn't ask Derek back because you weren't willing for sex to take place on that particular night. What happened then?

Secretary: Hold on. I hadn't said that sex was going to take place at all, let alone on the first night.

Quest: I'm sorry. Please go on.

Secretary: When we got back to my place. He asked whether he could come in and use my luo. I mean I couldn't say no, could I? So he paid off the taxi and came in. To be honest, I thought he'd just go.

Quest: Did he?

Secretary: No. He came out of the luo and just sat down on the bed. As I told you, I was in a bedsit at that time and there wasn't anywhere else to sit really. He patted the bed next to him and told me to sit next to him. I was reluctant to do so, because I didn't want any hanky-panky to start. I said something about him going home and he turned really nasty. He said that if I thought he'd blow half a week's pay on me without getting something in return, I had another thing coming. I was so shocked. I couldn't believe it. He had his arms round

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me and was saying things like 'Come on, you'll enjoy it once we get started.' I just couldn't think properly. I let him undress me and the next thing I knew we were lying on the bed with him on top of me trying to force his thing inside me. It was awful. There'd been no foreplay or anything. It was just so brutal. The sex I'd had before had been gentle and loving and kind, but this was nearer rape. I just lay there in a kind of stupor and let him get on with it. Thank God it didn't take that long for him to come. I just felt him press deeply into me and he groaned and came. He was up and dressed in a moment. He looked down at me and said, quite matter of fact, 'You should learn that when people do nice things for you, you have to do nice things for them. Maybe it's not the way people act out in the sticks, but you're in the big city now.' Then he left. I just cried and cried.

Quest: It sounds a very traumatic evening.

Secretary: It was, but it made me think too, once I'd calmed down.

Quest: What thoughts did you have?

Secretary: Maybe Derek had been right. Maybe I'd been terribly naive and unsophisticated. Maybe this was the way people *did* act in the city. I asked a couple of girls in the office if they felt obliged to sleep with a man if he'd bought them dinner. They both said why not? If you liked someone enough to have dinner with them, then why not go the whole way. They said it was the logical end to a nice evening. They said they didn't do it *all* the time with every man, but they did more often than not. I was bewildered, to tell you the truth. I mean I like sex, but I'd always thought it was special. Yet here were two girls, one of whom still lived with her parents and neither of them in any way tarty or flirty telling me that they basically slept around. I began to think the fault was mine. That I should sleep with guys if they took me out. I began to do it. If a man spent enough on me I slept with him.

Quest: Did you enjoy it, or did you treat it as an obligation?

Secretary: It took me a while to get used to the idea, but I did start enjoying it, yes. I know what you must be thinking.

Quest: Really?

Secretary: Yes, you must be thinking that I was acting like a whore, but you must see my point of view. If I hadn't slept with these men nobody would have asked me out and I'd have been stuck at home on my own. As it was, I got taken to a lot of nice places and I got to enjoy the sex part.

Quest: You mentioned you'd only sleep with a guy if he spent enough.

Secretary: Well I wasn't anybody's for a Wimpy and chips. You've got to draw the line somewhere haven't you?

Quest: So how many of these dinner dates led to sex?

Secretary: I don't know.

Quest: You must have some idea. Would it be about fifty?

Secretary: What bloody cheek! You must think I'm a real scrubber.

Quest: Not at all, I'm just trying to establish a figure.

Secretary: It was eleven, if you must know.

Quest: Over how long a period of time?

Secretary: A couple of years.

Quest: Did any of them turn into prolonged relationships?

Secretary: Two or three did. Look, you do see my point of view in all this, don't you?

Quest: Totally, but I get the feeling that despite all your bravado you still found sleeping with those men pretty distasteful.

Secretary: Well, as my girlfriends said you don't go out with someone you don't like, so the initial attraction was there. I didn't enjoy all the sex, but some of it was fine. In the end though, it got too much.

Quest: Why was that?

Secretary: It seemed I was getting, or rather had got, a reputation as an easy lay. You know how word gets around an office. One or two people said some very hurtful things, so I just left. It was the easiest way out. I got another job without too much trouble and then of course the inevitable invitations started coming. I thought 'Here we go again'. I suppose I was just lucky that I met Duncan.

Quest: He was the first person in your new job to ask you out?

Secretary: No, not at all. The chap who did ask me out was called George. Duncan was his flat-mate.

Quest: Did your first date with George follow the established pattern?

Secretary: I'm afraid so.

Quest: So where does Duncan come into the story?

Secretary: I went out with George two or three times over the course of a month or so. Naturally I got to know Duncan as I'd see him in the morning when I'd stayed the night with George. I quite fancied him, to tell you the truth. He's quite tall and slim with longish hair. He's got these amazing eyes that look sort of lived-in, if you know what I mean. I was sorry I was George's instead of his.

Quest: Did you consider yourself to be George's girlfriend?

Secretary: No, but I couldn't have gone from him to Duncan; that would have been a bit much.

Quest: So how did your relationship with him start?

Secretary: George moved out of their flat. He was saving to buy somewhere of his own and eventually he scraped up a deposit. He got very involved in the whole business and I didn't go out with him for quite a while. Then right out of the blue one day Duncan phoned me up and asked me to go out. I accepted because, as I've said, I really did fancy him, and besides, as George had moved out of their flat, it didn't seem so bad. We had a smashing night out.

Quest: Were you prepared to go to bed with him?

Secretary: Oh yes. It never crossed my mind that we wouldn't.

Quest: And did you?

Secretary: No, that's the funny thing. After we'd had dinner, he actually drove me home. I'd moved into my present flat by then, but as each of us has our own bedroom, there's no trouble about bringing boys back. I asked Duncan if he'd like a

coffee, but he said he'd shoot off. So I gave him my number one sexy smile and came-hither look, but he just leaned over, pecked me on the cheek and that was that. He drove off. I was furious. I felt such a twit. I mean I'd practically offered myself to him on a plate. It had become the norm, you see. I was so used to the dinner-then-bed syndrome. It all made me realise how cheap I'd been making myself; that there *were* men you didn't expect to be screwed in return for a dinner.

Quest: You saw him again presumably?

Secretary: Oh yes.

Quest: And when did sex finally take place?

Secretary: On our second or third date I think. It was gorgeous, well worth waiting for. It all happened so naturally, nothing contrived or forced about it. We'd gone to the pictures, I think, and as the cinema was just around the corner from him, we'd popped in for something to eat. It was strange being back in the flat with all the memories it held of George. Duncan fixed us some eggs and bacon and when we'd finished, Duncan leaned over and whispered 'George tells me you're the sexiest thing on two legs.' I got angry as I thought they'd been talking about our bedroom activities, but Duncan started laughing and promised he'd just been kidding. He said he didn't need George to tell him that I was sexy as he could see so for himself. He put his arm around me and pulled me towards him. I just melted. We'd never even hardly kissed properly, but I was really hot for him.

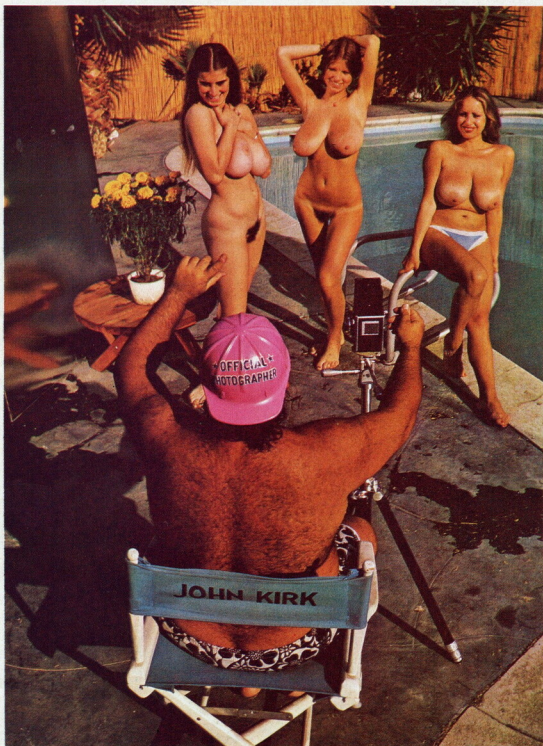
Quest: Go on.

Secretary: We never got to the bedroom; we did it on the floor in the sitting room. We just lay back on the floor and I could feel his hand on my legs under my skirt. It was summer and I wasn't wearing any tights: just panties. He was rubbing his hand over my mound and I could feel myself begin to get ever so wet. I moved my hand round the bulge in his trousers and began to stroke him. I unzipped him and got it out. Duncan's got a lovely one, all fat and stubby. He'd got his hand inside my pants by that time and was gently rubbing my clit, just gliding his fingers over it. I raised my bottom so he could get my pants off and then I was just lying there with my legs open and my skirt up round my waist. He positioned himself between my legs and guided his cock into me. It really spread me; it was beautiful. Those long, slow strokes. He'd take me right up to the brink and then bring me back down again. I was panting for him to make me come and digging my fingers into his bottom to try and make him go faster. But he really knew what he was doing. He just kept on in his own time until nothing could have stopped me and I felt this enormous surge of pure pleasure as I came. I was dimly aware of his cock throbbing inside me as he came too. It was exquisite.

Quest: And is the relationship still in an ongoing situation?

Secretary: Oh yes. We're engaged now. I was so lucky to find him. I think I'd still be on the same old emotional treadmill if I hadn't.

Quest: Thank you.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND THE BALLOON SMUGGLERS

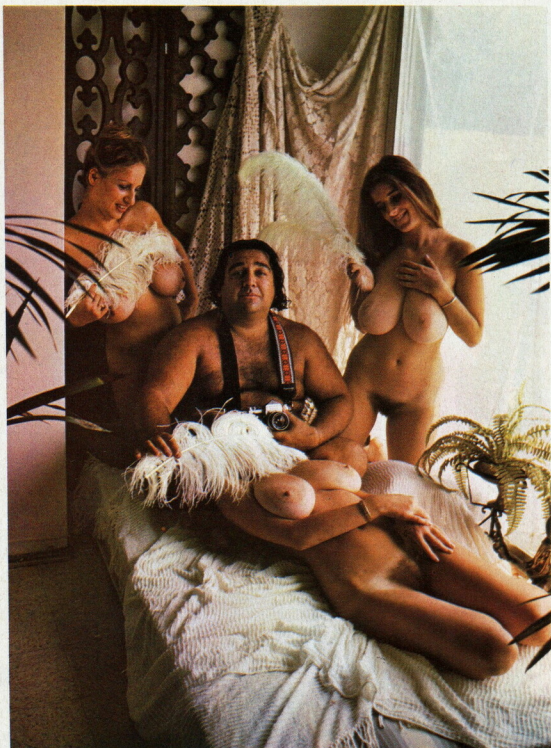
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEPHEN OLIVER

Pictured above, you can see four splendidly proportioned people.

The chap in the foreground who is orchestrating the proceedings is larger-than-life lensman John Kirk. John's attention is focused on six boobs, or rather three

girls. From left to right, they're Marti Kenyon who measures, gulp, 46-25-36. Then Uschi Digard who is, would you believe, 45-24-35, and finally, Carol Singer, a 'mere' 44-25-37. All deliciously mouthwatering and scrumptious, eh?

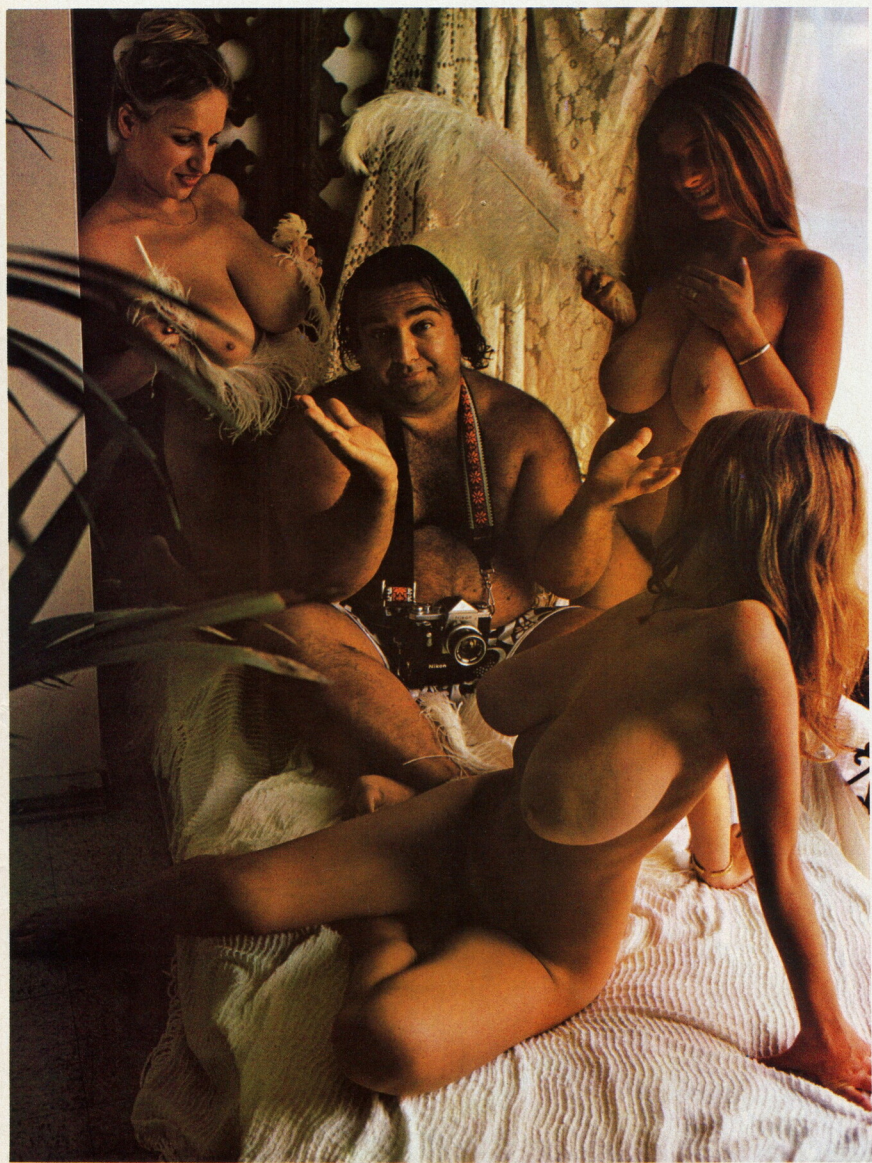




If you've been able to tear yourself away from the previous two pages — not the easiest of tasks — you'll see that big John has decided on an 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em' philosophy which presents our intrepid photographer Stephen Oliver with something of a problem.

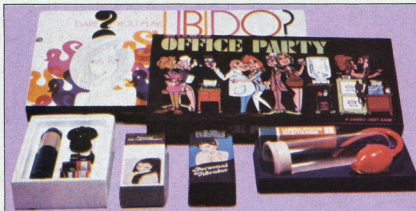
Used to snapping slightly less opulently-rounded figures and now faced with curves that would have made Rubens go cross-eyed, he has to huddle everybody closely together to get

them all in the shot — hence the happy smiles on the faces of all concerned. Uschi, star of many a sexy Russ Meyer film, Marti and Carol all take the view of 'the more the merrier'; Stephen secretly envies John, surrounded as he is by three of the most outstanding models in the business and casually suggests that they change places. John smiles and shrugs. No way. 'The things I do for *Mayfair*,' sighs Stephen, 'they'd better appreciate it.'



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LETTERS

continued from page 13
 station I was holding one of the girls by the hand. We had about fifteen minutes to wait before the train so we settled ourselves in the empty waiting room. I could see them every now and again taking furtive looks at the bulge in my trousers and as with any hot-blooded young blade this gave me an erection which did not go unnoticed.

The train arrived and the four of us seated ourselves in a compartment and after much whispering amongst themselves one of the girls stood and drew the blinds. To say I was nervous with anticipation would be the biggest understatement of my life. The minute the blinds were drawn they grabbed me and pulled my trousers down. I didn't even pretend to resist. Then, one girl, who was showing a good deal of knickers straddled me so that my penis was sticking out from between her legs and she was facing my feet.

She then took me in her hand and started playing with me, looking for all the world that she was doing the same with her other hand to herself. One of the two girls watching said to the other, 'Go on, Brenda, show him your tits.' This was her only redeeming feature—she was ugly, but had enormous breasts. She stripped down to her bra and moved my hands to her breasts. I undid the bra catch and out they came. The girl who was working on my penis was now rocking backwards and forwards against my shaft and was moaning. Brenda was urging her on. It proved too much for me and I came. As soon as this happened, she climbed off, looking very dewy-eyed, her friend, Brenda, struggled into her bra and I hitched up my trousers. In a perfect world we would have arrived at the station as we were dressing. Instead I spent twenty of the most embarrassing minutes of my life just not knowing what to say. The train reached the station and I rushed off praying that they hadn't found out my name or address.
 (Name and address withheld)

of the voluptuous Miss Alana Ford. Peter Maddocks' 'Dear Diary' sketches were great fun—more power to your digits Pete! I got a chance to see the real Peter Maddocks when he appeared on *Quick On the Draw*, on television recently.
 Tim Rogerson, Didcot, Oxon

I heartily agree with David Baxter's letter in Vol 13 No 4 requesting a feature on the girls one sees at gymnastic and swimming competitions and at the circus—in other words girls with muscles.

I know a lot of men who are turned-on when watching an athletic, muscular, healthy girl swimmer or diver limbering up ready for her heat.
 N J Stuart, Glasgow

At the age of thirty eight I have just had one of the most exciting experiences of my life. I am a housewife with two children and am on the plumpish side but with a reasonably well-proportioned figure. Like hundreds of other housewives, though, I lead a dull sex life.

A few days ago I visited a jeweller's to buy a necklace and having selected two I liked I tried them on and asked the assistant for his opinion. He was a young man, about eighteen years old and of quite pleasant appearance. I was surprised to see that he was embarrassed when I asked him, and I put this down to the fact that I was wearing a rather tight-fitting sweater. I was flattered that he was interested in an older woman and I could see that he kept looking at my bosom. I found this very exciting and decided to use it for my own pleasure. I went home saying I couldn't decide which necklace I liked, but would return tomorrow to try them on with the blouse I planned to wear for the function. At home I sorted out a transparent blouse and a very brief half-cup bra which showed off my nipples.

The following day I put some make-up on my nipples to darken them and went off to the shop wearing a top coat of course. On arrival I was disappointed because there were two assistants and another customer in the shop, but my assistant came over to see me and then the other customer left and the second assistant went out the back.

As soon as we were alone I undid my coat and asked if I

could try the two necklaces. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. He coughed and went bright red but his eyes never left my nipples. My heart was pounding I was very excited but knew we didn't have much time before another customer came in or the other assistant came back. I tried on the first necklace and asked the assistant if it looked all right. His face was very flushed as he said: 'I think it looks terrific.' 'Do you think it goes with the blouse?' I asked him, 'or do you think I need something with a lower neckline?' I undid the top buttons of my blouse. By now my nipples were very stiff with the excitement and they were straining against the material of the blouse. I decided to go even further. Trying on the other necklace I managed to get it entangled and asked the assistant to sort it out for me. As he tried to straighten it, I moved slightly and his hand brushed against my nipple. We both gasped at this and then I think he realised I was as excited as he was. He took his time in adjusting it and managed to rest his hands on my breasts for a few seconds. He looked at me and I purposely closed my eyes and sighed. At this he started to slowly rub his hands over my breasts and to squeeze my nipples through the blouse material. I felt myself getting very wet, I felt so wicked and sexy. I was almost coming when suddenly the door bell went and another customer came in. We jumped apart and I went out saying I would be back some other time to make my final choice. 'Come on a Tuesday afternoon,' he said, 'it's not very busy and I'm usually on my own.' I don't know whether I'll go back as most of the excitement came from the surprise element. Have any other readers discovered this exciting activity? *J B, Bedford*

I am not often compelled to write to magazines, but I feel I must leap to the defence of Richard Brooks' film, *Looking For Mr Goodbar*. Where your critic, Gerald Cole, was during the screening of this film is none of my business but I would venture to guess that he re-wrote the equally gross criticism which appeared in *The Observer*.

The reasons for the schoolmarm (Theresa Dunn) having

herself sterilised, and her sister's many abortions were explained several times – the most notable occasion by the father half way through the film. Perhaps Gerald Cole was so besotted by the tits and bums that he was elsewhere at the time this scene was shown. Anyway, I consider this film to be one of the best, in every sense, to come out of Hollywood for many years. The total morality and the wasteful tragedy is not only moving but also shatteringly truthful.

A movie lover

Gerald Cole replies: I stated in my review that Theresa Dunn was 'unable to have children because of a childhood disease'. I did not add that she feared the disease was hereditary and voluntarily decided not to have children, firstly, for brevity's sake, and secondly because no amount of medical detail could account for the glaring discrepancies in the character as presented. How the girl can be a sensitive teacher by day and a callous nymphomaniac by night is never credibly explained and that, in my opinion, is why the film fails. If the *Observer* agreed with me then I must add clairvoyance to my talents because, like most glossy magazines, we write copy at least three months before we appear on the bookstalls, long before the *Observer's* critic set pen to paper. As to being besotted with tits and bums then I must admit that you are absolutely right (probably tits rather than bums now I come to think of it) and I still think Diane Keaton is one of the most gorgeous ladies currently on screen and her performance in *Mr Goodbar* (a performance, incidentally, totally at odds with the very underwritten nature of Theresa Dunn's character) is the only redeeming aspect of a very glossy but poorly realised film.

Having read Master Whiteley's letter in Vol 13 No 4, I must write to you again to point out that several of his statements are not only untrue but libellous. Firstly, he refers to me as an Amazon. The Amazons were, as any student of ancient history will tell you, a tribe of ladies who were in the habit of chopping off their right breasts to enable them to draw the bow more easily. Since I seldom

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LETTERS

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if ever, have occasion to draw the bow, I have not seen fit to practise this distasteful mutilation. I mention this fact not for Master Whiteley's benefit, but for any Royalist gentlemen who might be interested.

Furthermore, I have never in my life been captured by the honest, upright (ha!) members of the Parliamentary ranks, killed, yes, captured no. I sell my life dear, and as Master Whiteley is well aware, when I draw my sword I wield it to good purpose. If this so-called dragoon persists in referring to the noble, courageous, brilliant, devastatingly handsome nephew of Charles I as a 'German mercenary' he is liable to get his head kicked in at the next muster at which we have the misfortune to meet. I wonder what the Lord General of the Roundheads would say if he knew that one of his 'godly' followers was in the habit of reading a bawdy magazine like *Mayfair*. Last, but not least, if you chance to hear a charger clattering up Chancery Lane it will not be ridden by Master Whiteley, he, I assure you, does not know one end of a horse from another. God save Prince Rupert, and the devil fly away with the entire Roundhead Army, especially the Earl of Essex's dragoons.

Louise O'Connor, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey

After reading *Mayfair* for many months I have finally gathered enough nerve to write a letter on a very controversial subject. I am happily married, with a very loving husband and three children. May I say that men are basically beasts: their sexual needs come first above any consideration for the female of the species. Several court cases reported recently have concerned women charged with offences involving young boys, of, say, thirteen to fourteen. In some reports, the lurid evidence given was reported fully. Seldom do these reports mention the temptation to which women, often alone, perhaps sexually deprived, are subjected. I had a friend whose husband was a long-term hospital patient, terminally ill. She had two young children and lived in

a depressing block of council maisonettes. Young teenage boys used to hang around the estate late at night and make filthy suggestions to her. She was twenty eight then and must have felt really frustrated sexually, but she behaved with all the adult responsibility of a good wife and mother. I wonder though what public opinion – and the national press – would have said if she had allowed her own desires to come to the top and invited a teenager to spend the night with her? There's another interesting aspect here. Perhaps one could argue that men who try to seduce young schoolgirls get heavy prison sentences. But then young girls of thirteen unless really corrupt to begin with, do not wilfully try to get involved with grown men, whereas a pubescent boy will, out of sheer bravado try his luck with a grown woman. Often with disastrous results for them both. It is probably true that the Pill has made things worse. A woman once tempted may give in, the risk factor having been eliminated. The woman most at risk is more often than not separated, will be experienced sexually, and will probably have children – looking after them she is cut off from the companionship of adult men. Most women, myself included, think on occasions about the possible sexuality of the younger male. In general just thinking about it is as far as it goes but in those circumstances I've just mentioned the deprived woman can overstep her mark. I might add that if a young boy and a woman do have a sexual liaison, then the boy can only benefit. If this kind of sex were made lawful I believe it would result in a dramatic fall in unwanted pregnancies by young girls and less-serious sex crimes caused by boys being repressed sexually.

Mrs L M (address withheld)

Recently I went for a job interview, and as I was feeling pretty miserable, for the interview had not gone well, I decided to call in on some friends on the way home. It was about three in the afternoon when I arrived and no one was at home so I went next door to ask if they knew where Susan was and what

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LET US KEEP YOU POSTED



There are two ways of getting *Mayfair* every month. Easiest is to simply stroll round to your local newsagent and take a copy off the rack, but if you always find your newsagent has just sold his last copy as you arrive, or if you live abroad, (or even miles from a town in this country), then a subscription is the thing for you. A single payment of just £10.60 – for both the UK and abroad – ensures prompt delivery of print-fresh copies every month for a year; there's nothing more to pay either, even if postal rates do go up again. Each month, your own personal copy of the magazine with its sparkling blend of gorgeous girls, readable fiction, absorbing features and of course Quest, readers' letters, jokes and cartoons will be delivered to your home. Is that an offer to be refused?

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CARRIE



The breaks go Carrie's way, rebounding on a slap-happy husband





Drawn by STEVE KINGSTON Story by DAVID BRENNER

LETTERS

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time Jack came home. A rather attractive girl of about twenty-five answered the door, but she didn't know where my friends were. Just then another woman popped her head around the lounge and said: 'Ask him if he wants to wait here, Anne.' I agreed. Inside the lounge were two other women - Sally, about thirty-five, and Tracy, who looked about nineteen. They had been drinking wine and Tracy appeared quite merry. Sally asked if I would like a drink and so I said: 'Why not? I need cheering up,' and told them of my job interview. It transpired that it was Anne's birthday and all the girls were a bit tiddly. Tracy came and sat on my lap to cheer me up and we were soon kissing and cuddling to the accompaniment of ribald comments from the others. I had quite an erection by this time. Somehow the question of playing games came up and Sally said: 'Come on, let's play strip poker'. Tracy was eager but

Anne was less so, although she later agreed. I had a run of bad hands and I was soon down to my underpants. Everyone had gone rather quiet as the other girls, Anne and Sally, were now also down to their underclothes: Tracy was almost fully-dressed. The next hand Sally lost and saying 'Oh well, they are my finest point' - to which I added 'points you mean' - and amid much giggling she took off her bra. Her breasts were average size but shapely and soon Anne's very large breasts were in view too. I was now peeping over the top of my underpants and Tracy said 'I'm not going to be left out' and so she took off her blouse and bra to reveal very small breasts with enormous nipples. Then came the forfeits. First Anne had to let me hold her breasts, then I had to let Sally fondle my penis. Tracy then asked me to suck her nipples and once I was doing this she held my head so tightly that I couldn't have escaped if I had wanted to. Someone pulled down my underpants and was rubbing away at my erection. Then suddenly I

was shooting and the girl leapt away, shrieking: 'Look at this.' Everyone went quiet for a bit but Sally wouldn't let things drop. 'Have you ever been tongued by a man, Tracy?' she asked. When the answer came back 'No', I was only too willing to oblige. Sally lay down on the rug beside Tracy and while I was tonguing her she was rubbing herself against Tracy's nipples. At the same time I managed to get my fingers inside Sally, so I soon had them both very excited. Tracy moaned that she was coming and she almost strangled me as she clamped her legs around my neck. Sally had her orgasm a few minutes later collapsing in a heap on top of Tracy. Despite our pleas Anne refused to join in the sex games. A little while later Sally informed me that my friends were back home, but I didn't feel much like visiting after that.

(Name and address withheld)

I buy *Mayfair* regularly but never before have I found myself compelled to write. The reason? The beautiful girl Louisa who featured in your

latest issue, Vol 13 No 3. Why you didn't make her a girl of the month, instead of that big-breasted Jennifer, is beyond me. Louisa looks so young, fresh and innocent and her body is in such perfect proportion. I love her fresh, smiling face, her lovely firm round breasts, her smooth nipples - in fact everything about her.

P W, Chesterfield, Derbyshire

Can any of your readers help me? Is there any kind of herb, or other food or drink, anything natural which can be taken orally or applied externally, that will make my beloved and otherwise highly desirable wife's pussy smell and taste a little more like Sunday lunch, and a little less like the place where all the seals go to die?

It really is such a shame because her pussy looks so tasty.

B C, Dyfed, Wales

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', *Mayfair* Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

